Headlands Journal 1990

Artists

Artists in Residence Louise Anderson Thomas Centolella Mark Clark Enzo Cucchi Susan Dallas-Swann Reg Davidson Lewis deSoto Elbows Akimbo Kathy Evans Susan Fenton Pat Ferrero Sylvia Gruner Ann Hamilton Jim Hart Mei-Ling Hom Madelon Hooykaas Sarah Hopkins Mildred Howard Su-Chen Hung Lewis Hyde Page Laughlin L. Frank Manriquez Gil Ott Phil Simkin Amy Sparks Elsa Stansfield Brian Tripp **Affiliate Artists** Ellery Jane Akers John Alexander Melanie Beene Andrew Black Holly Blake Ann Chamberlain Agnes Charlesworth Shelley Cook David Dashiell Katherine Doyle Tom Ferentz Miriam Ferrari Noele Giulini Bruce Helmberger Lynette Kessler Michael Light Peter Laufer Laurie MacDougall Kathleen McGill Phil Otto Phil Paternite Dede Puma Glen Rabina Nancy Raine Leon Ridley William Scharf Susan Schwartzenberg Francis Snyder Larry Sultan Todd Trigsted Jeanne Tumpane Wanagun Pamela Winfrey Rene Yung Victor Zaballa

Headlands Journal 1990

HEADLANDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS

Headlands Journal
volume two, 1990

published by Headlands Center
for the Arts.
© Headlands Center for the Arts, 1991

Headlands Center for the Arts is
grateful to the artists whose work
appears in this volume with their
permission.

Headlands Center for the Arts
944 Fort Barry
Sausalito, CA 94965
415 · 331 · 2787

Staff

Jennifer Dowley	Executive Director
Ann Chamberlain	Program Director
Linda Martin	Development Director
Patti Quill	PR and Outreach
Bruce Kremer	Facilities Director
Fritzie Brown	Bookkeeper
Holly Blake	Residency Coordinator
Jennifer Grillo	Administrative Assistant
Karen Heilman	Administrative Assistant
Eric Rosa	Facilities Technician

Board

Mary Robinson, Chair
Tony Campodonico
Nancy DeBruyn
Diana Fuller
Stephen Gong
Joanna Haigood
Douglas Hollis
Leonard Hunter
Lisille Matheson
Drummond Pike
John Sharp
Stephen Spaulding
Larry Sultan
Shelby Van Meter
Nancy Wright

Editor: Ann Chamberlain
Copy Editor: Holly Blake
Transcriptions: Britta Kathmeyer
Design: Diane Burk

GAP FOUNDATION

Headlands Center for the Arts would like to thank the following for their support of this issue of the Journal: The Marin Community Foundation, The National Endowment for the Arts, The San Francisco Foundation, and particularly, The Gap Foundation. Thanks to Jennifer Dowley for overseeing the direction and preparation of this journal and for her leadership and dedication along with the board and staff in guiding the programs, activities, and philosophies reflected herein.

contents

Introduction — Jennifer Dowley — 2

THE PARK

The Headlands and the GGNRA — Jeanette Redensek — 6
Amy Meyer — 8
Douglas Nadeau — 10
Warren White — 10
Headlands Center for the Arts and the Headlands
John Kriedler — 11
David Sibbet — 12
Leonard Hunter — 13
Gyongy Laky — 14
William Wiley — 15

HEADLANDS TALKS

The Tended Earth — Wes Jackson — 18
Imperial San Francisco — Gray Brechin — 20
Water and Weather — Peter Richards — 23
Harold Gilliam — 24
Dwellings to Think With — Peter Nabokov — 25
Roots and Sources of Origin — Esther Pinola — 27
Mary Hill — 28
Water and Politics — Marc Reisner — 29
Phil Isenberg — 30

THE HAIDA PROJECT

Boat as Vessel — Joan Vastokas — 33
Raven Canoe — Reg Davidson — 34
John Roloff — 35
Rock Pole — Jim Hart — 36
Wanagun — 37

ARTISTS AND PROJECTS

The Freedom to Talk Dirt — Lewis Hyde — 39
Artists in Residence — Brian Tripp — 41
Kathy Evans — 42
Tom Centolella — 42
Gil Ott — 42
L. Frank Manriquez — 42
Lewis de Soto — 43
Susan Fenton — 44
Madelon Hookyaas
Elsa Stansfield — 44
Thomas Schulz — 45
Amy Sparks — 45
Sarah Hopkins — 45
Susan Dallas-Swann — 46
Phil Simkin — 46
Mei-Ling Hom — 47
Pat Ferrero — 47
Louise Anderson — 48
Page Laughlin — 49
Projects — Culture Clash — 49
Su-Chen Hung — 49
Susan Shwartzenberg — 50
Larry Sultan — 51
Mildred Howard — 52

Education Projects — 53
Photo Credits — 54
1990 Resident & Affiliate Artists — Inside Front Cover
1990 Donors — Inside Back Cover

At Headlands, we often find ourselves discussing our location within the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, musing whether or not we could do what we do elsewhere. Although the issues we're dealing with are based in a broad dialogue about culture and values, I find that our thinking has been influenced perhaps more than we realize by our daily interaction with the place of Headlands itself. These thousands of acres of open space, even interrupted by the massive military structures, exert a powerful influence. We are learning about the meaning of interdependence, a word that found a place in our mission statement a few years ago. "Interdependence" has replaced "stewardship" for us as the cumulative experience of living and working in a large natural reserve led us to find that we did not know enough to be stewards. Stewardship implies an overarching knowledge accompanied by a detachment. Interdependence recognizes a mutual dependence among parties accompanied by a more engaged attitude. It is closer to this position that we are working. We've learned to be watchful and to position ourselves as listeners in a conversation rather than perpetrators of a monologue. This stance has a lot of implications in how we work. We tend to ask questions rather than posit theories. Multiple perspectives on a given issue are preferable to one or even two. It also embraces the possibility that seemingly unrelated things may be connected: an artist and a naturalist may have a lot to say to one another; the process of making art may not be that far removed from the process of collecting bobcat tracks.

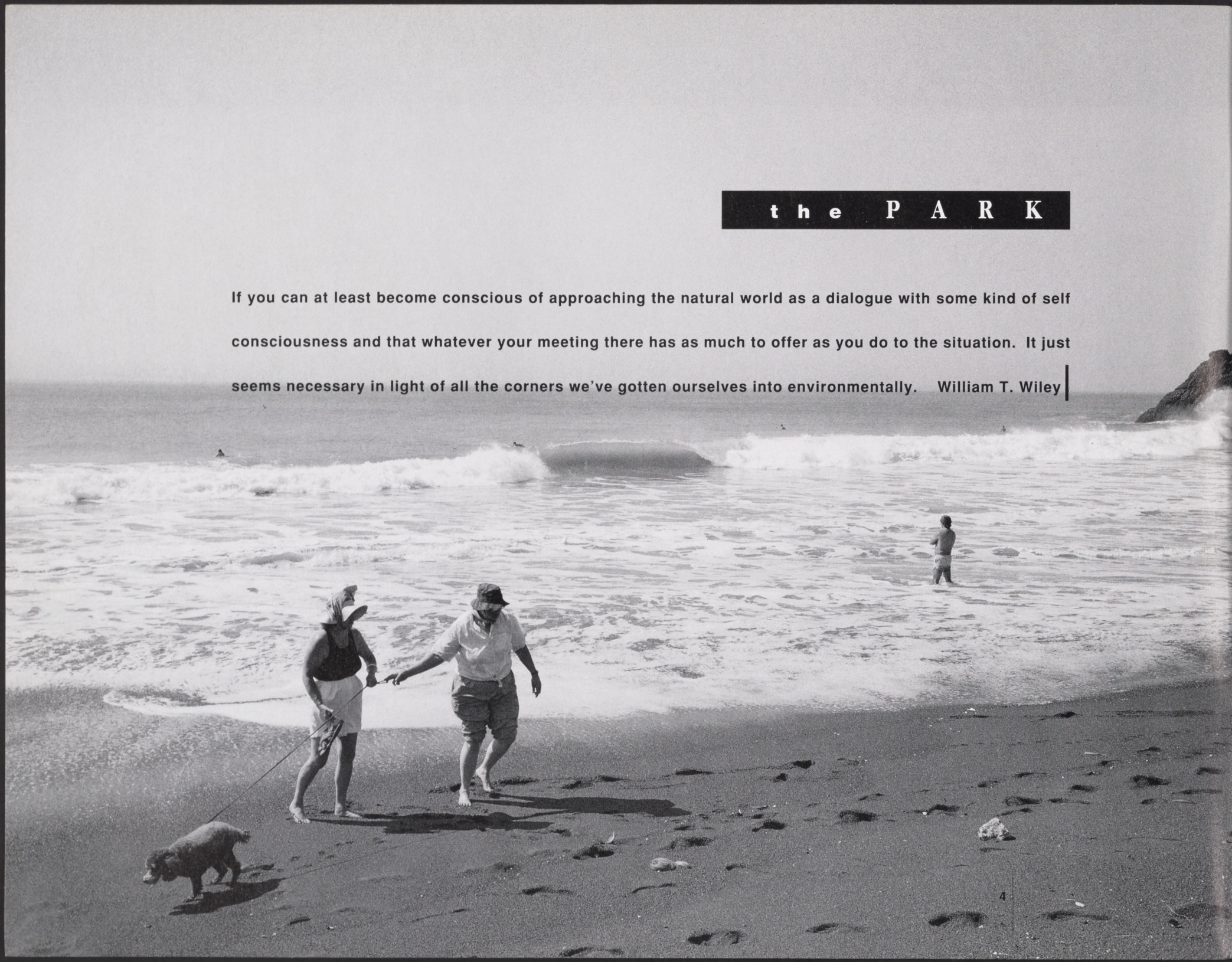
The art writer, Suzy Gablik describes a paradigm shift from an "ego-centric" culture to an "eco-centric" one, from a culture where the individual self is central, to one where the individual is seen and acts in relation to his/her

community. It seems to me that Headlands is engaged in investigations of this paradigm shift, trying out artists' processes of cooperation, partnership, collaboration, rather than supporting artists as outlaws or asocial independent beings.

The Center operates as a partner with the National Park Service, a role that is both simple and complex. Our agreement with the GGNRA states that the Center has exclusive jurisdiction over 11 historical buildings in exchange for their renovation and the development of programs for the public. The Center and the Park Service are engaged in an ongoing process of interpreting this partnership. It requires constant negotiation, continual re-definition of boundaries, multiple processes of interpretation, all based on mutual respect and trust. It plays out on a daily basis, definitions of interdependence. The Center affords artists opportunities to engage themselves as legitimate citizens of the Headlands where their thinking and work intersects with the daily life here, replete with activity on all levels of politics, scientific research, social activity, historical preservation and natural phenomenon. We view our efforts as a process to know our immediate community better and deepen our relationships to it, all the while seeing this work as a metaphor for being and working in the larger world.

This Journal, our second in what will be a series of annual publications, focuses on the formation of the GGNRA itself and some of the early projects of the Center, as well as activities conducted during 1990. It will, I trust, also elucidate some of our ongoing questions about art's role in interpreting our culture.

Jennifer Dowley December 1991



the PARK

If you can at least become conscious of approaching the natural world as a dialogue with some kind of self consciousness and that whatever your meeting there has as much to offer as you do to the situation. It just seems necessary in light of all the corners we've gotten ourselves into environmentally. William T. Wiley

We have become familiar with the Marin Headlands and its inhabitants. At night, the foxes approach looking for food, while the deer stand by the roads in the dark. Like cattle, they know they are protected. They know as well the limits of their protection. We are their most feared predator: source of their salvation and demise. We come to the park with the nostalgia of a collector once we have killed too much.

The park preserves living, evolving, systems as an inventoried collection, bringing to mind the parallel existence of museums. Yet, with shrinking natural resources and the growing list of endangered species, we may have no other options. Parks attest to our ambivalent relation to nature: we must protect the natural world for and from ourselves.

Headlands Center for the Arts has become another element in the complex social and cultural ecology of the park. How do we mend the landscape? Is there a metaphor that can encompass, implicate, excuse, or explain our relation to the natural world? Is there a way we can open up that conversation?

The tradition of interpretation of the natural world by artists, from Albert Bierstadt, to Emily Dickenson, Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Ansel Adams and Imogen Cunningham provided an appreciation of the natural world as a source of transcendence and the sublime. Our situation in the natural world is no longer the perspective of an individual vision, but a social experience and a community responsibility. How can we trace its roots and form a future that includes us all?

Headlands 1913

Headlands 1991

The Headlands and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area

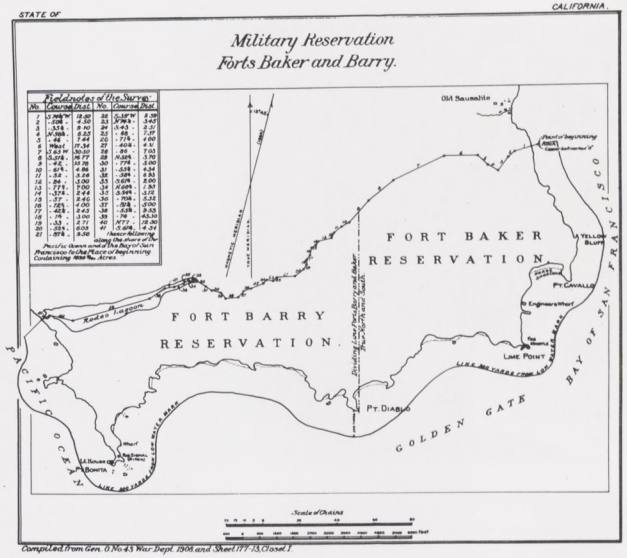
With the benefit of hindsight and the distance of some twenty-five years, the existence of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area seems so inevitable and so inarguably good, it is easy to lose sight of the hard work, care, and even unhappiness that attended the park's creation. A GGNRA was anything but inevitable, and were it not for some very obstinate and tenacious people, the northward approach to the Golden Gate Bridge would face on to quite a different view than the one we enjoy today.

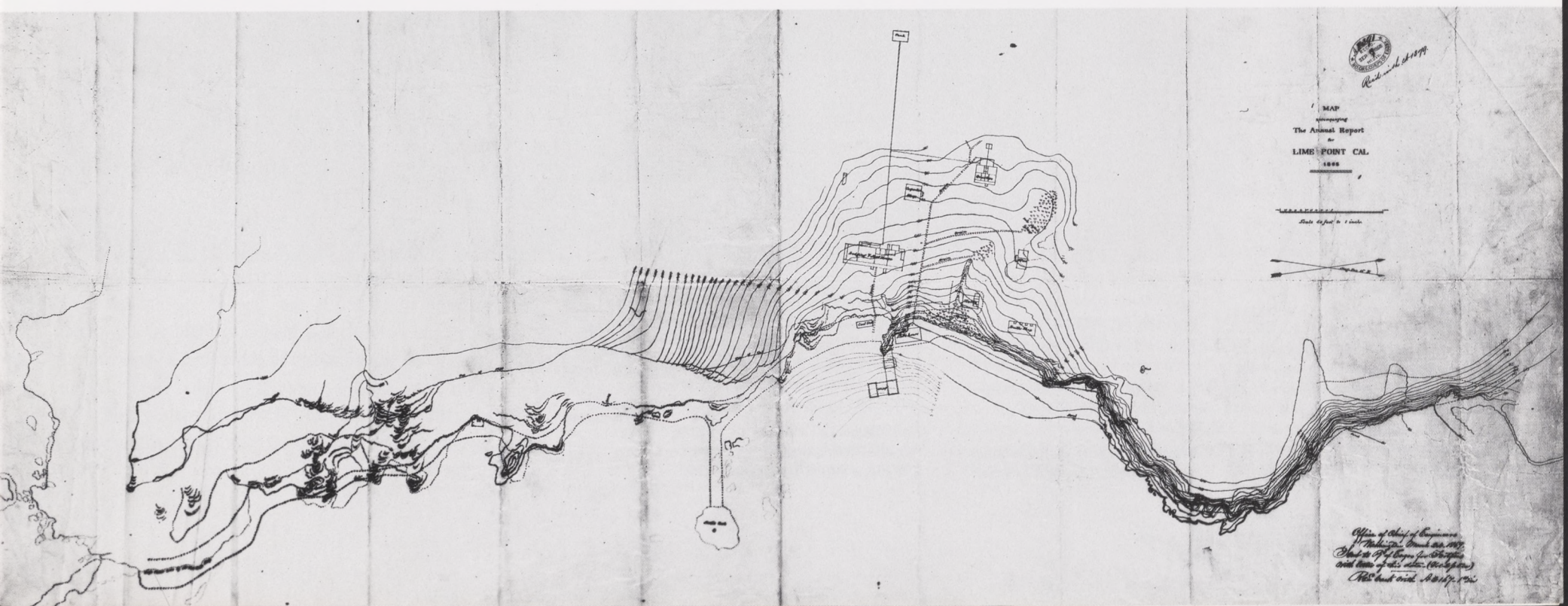
The fact that the Headlands sat undeveloped through the first half of the twentieth century while other parts of the San Francisco Bay Area disappeared beneath refineries and salt ponds, warehouses and four-bedroom houses, is remarkable enough in itself. The story begins in 1851, when President Millard Fillmore secured the wealth of the new State of California with a proclamation creating the Presidio Military Reservation in San Francisco and the Lime Point Reservation in the Headlands. The prerogative of national defense and the strategic importance of the Bay kept the Headlands, if not in a pristine state of preservation, at least clear of full-scale residential development for over one hundred years.

In 1963, Forts Baker, Barry, and Cronkhite were declared surplus by the Federal government, which prepared to turn them over to California for a new Marin Headlands State Park. Inland from these federal lands, however, lay a large and fallow dairy farm owned by the DiSilva family. The 2,000 acre parcel had been purchased by Gulf Oil Corporation. Marin County in the early 1960s abounded with rumors of the massive development planned for the site. In March 1964, the rumor became fact in the form of a letter from the Bridgeport, Connecticut-based developer Thomas Frouge to the U.S. Army, requesting permission to conduct a road survey across a corner of Fort Baker. The "road" in question was a proposed four-lane, split-level highway running northwest from U.S. 101 over the steep incline and down into the seaside valley. Its destination: Marincello, an entirely new town of 25,000 people to be built for a projected cost of $285 million. Frouge described the project as "intelligently zoned for single-family houses, townhouses, garden apartments and fireproof elevator apartments... municipal buildings, schools, churches, a hotel and motels, a shopping center, office buildings, and structures for research and light

industry." Although without question a money-making proposal, Thomas Frouge's dream for Marincello was born of an idea no less utopian than the environmental movement itself. The New Town Planning Movement in the 1930s and 1940s urged compact, planned, communities. The movement's proponents were motivated by a high degree of social responsibility, and many of its tenets formed the foundations of modern planning. In the hands of speculators like Frouge and Gulf Oil, however, the utopian notion of the garden city — well-planned, well-scaled, economically integrated — had lost the greater part of its visionary allure.

The Marincello proposal split the County right down the center: preservationists on one side and those in favor of development on the other. The battle in courtrooms and hearing halls over the next six years would make and break political careers, ruin friendships, and consume family savings. Conservationists, led by the Marin Conservation League, opposed





Amy Meyer, Congressman Mailliard, and planners from Sausalito and Marin County on Wolfback Ridge reviewing plans for a future GGNRA, ca. 1974

Ann Chamberlain: Thinking back on the development of the GGNRA in which you were so actively involved, how did a grassroots movement move to the federal level?

Amy Meyer: It started at the federal level. In 1970, about 13 urban areas were targeted as needing urban parks in the United States. The federal initiative included several parks which subsequently came into existence: Jean Lafitte in New Orleans, Chatahoochie in Georgia, Lowell National Historic Site, Cuyahoga in the greater Cleveland area, the Indiana Dunes, Santa Monica Mountains, Gateway in New York and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area here. The Bureau of Outdoor Education was an agency within the Department of the Interior which was put together to deal with parks in more urbanized areas. "Parks to the People - Where People Are" was the theme of the urban parks movement. The parks were envisioned as opportunities to enrich and educate all people about the meaning and value of the natural landscape. This meant giving real access, providing public transportation for those who didn't have cars. The last vestige of that project in the GGNRA is the MUNI bus which goes out to the Marin Headlands on Sundays and holidays from San Francisco.

AC: The GGNRA created a greenbelt around the Bay Area. What is the function of a greenbelt? Is it biological or psychological? Does it have some historic precedent?

AM: My definition is that it gives shape to a city. It's part of what psychologically and sociologically makes you feel at home. It gives a very clear definition of where you are. The reverse of that would be locationless-ness; endless "slurb." It also has to do with a healthy place to live. You save your most scenic vistas and views. The tradition of greenbelts goes back to England and further. Our tradition in the U.S. of being in the land is relatively recent, whereas the English have long tended the land. We were settled after the Industrial Revolution and have changed the landscape using machines. The Bay Area used to have agricultural lands much closer to the city. When I came to California, walnuts were 3 pounds for a dollar and you could buy them in Walnut Creek. Now that area doesn't produce walnuts anymore. Apricots were plentiful and grown down the Peninsula. Now they're a luxury fruit.

AC: So there was a need to preserve the green lands around the cities that were growing increasingly scarcer.

AM: The original goal was to preserve the San Francisco shoreline, the land proposed for the Marincello development and Alcatraz. These goals expanded to include the Olema Valley and state parks adjacent to the Park. The Park was established in 1972 and has been enlarged to now include 175,000 acres. The coalition worked with Congressman Mailliard and Congressman Burton. It was Burton's bill that was the basis for the 1972 legislation. The GGNRA is dedicated to Congressman Burton and now has the highest number of visitors of any park in the country.

Amy Meyer is Co-Chair of People For a GGNRA, and Vice-Chair of GGNRA's Advisory Commission.

the planned development; labor unions supported it. The City of Sausalito sued the County. Marin planning director B.D. Dobbs and others were concerned that the proposed highrises would exceed County limits for population density and establish a dangerous precedent for subsequent builders. Golden Gate Bridge Manager James Adam worried about the added traffic burden. Many favored the project because it would bring tax relief to the North Bay. Others felt that no development should be allowed until Marin completed its master plan, then in progress. There was a pervasive feeling among lawmakers and planners that private individuals had the right to develop their property as they wished, within the legal limits of planning provisions. The Marin County Board of Supervisors exercised that belief in a unanimous January 1965 vote to rezone acreage west of U.S. 101 from agricultural to planned community. Eleven months later they approved the master plan for Marincello.

Those citizens who supported the plan did so not solely for profit or for their unshakable belief in business. Many supporters of Marincello considered themselves enlightened conservationists. They treasured the open spaces of the County, yet felt that growth was inevitable. The intelligent solution lay in concentrated, planned developments like that proposed by Frouge. The Atheneum Arts Foundation, producer at the time of the annual Marin Summer Arts Festival, was invited to build an arts center in the new town; preliminary sketches for a 25-acre cultural complex were quickly completed. Mrs. Henry Francis Grady, Honorary President of the Foundation said, "We believe Marincello will become one of the nation's most beautiful cities."

This view of Marin hills from Land's End in the 1930's by Ansel Adams (left) was retouched and used as propaganda by the anti-Marincello coalition, graphically illustrating the impact of the proposed development on the Headlands.

"Thomas Frouge, Chairman of the Board of the Frouge Corp, and Michael Marville, Marincello project engineer, set up the first temporary street sign in the Marincello downtown valley. " This image and caption (right) appeared in a Marin newspaper as the Marincello development was initiated in the mid-60's.

Ann Chamberlain: How do you see your role as educators? What is the relation of biological understanding and aesthetic appreciation?

Doug Nadeau: I would always want first to inspire people aesthetically, because that emotional connection motivates and leads to intellectual curiosity. So that's why I think places like the Headlands Center for the Arts are tremendously important. The arts have been traditionally used since the parks were born for interpretation and larger appreciation.

Doug Nadeau is a planner with the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

Ann Chamberlain: Could you talk about the relationship of national parks and appreciation of nature to art and aesthetics?

Warren White: Aesthetics and the impulse to create natural preserves have always commingled. Travelers visiting Yosemite in the late 19th century in search of the sublime carried walking sticks with a viewfinder inserted for framing picturesque views. In the 1870's through the 90's, people thought of the natural world in terms of scarcity: we were running out of buffalo, wild spaces, and scenic views. At Niagara Falls, you couldn't see the sights unless you rented a room. The impulse to preserve the natural world led to thinking of parks as museum collections in which nothing could change. The turn of the century saw a morality in nature: there were 'good' animals such as deer and rabbits and 'bad' animals such as mountain lions and wolves. The good animals had to be protected and the bad, destroyed. Natural management concepts eventually came to be the dominant theme in the 1930's with a halt to killing predatory animals. By the 60's, natural fires and floods came to be seen as part of the scheme of things, regulating natural processes.

AC: What was the role of artists in developing the idea of national parks?

WW: In terms of developing a broader appreciation of the natural world, it was John Muir and poets such as Walt Whitman that believed the land had a value in itself. They were instrumental in developing an appreciation of the natural world and a need to preserve and not simply use it. Similarly, Ansel Adams' photographs of the high Sierra encouraged people to see a landscape as beautiful which they previously may have thought of as barren because it wasn't useful.

AC: How has the idea of national parks changed in recent years?

WW: A more contemporary development of parks close to a heavily populated area shifted the idea of nature as exotic and inaccessible to something in our own back yard. If you really notice something, you see the wonder of it. It isn't based on the exotic qualities of the site or the difficulty in getting to it, but upon opening yourself up to it. Accessibility to the natural world helps expose people to the natural world. It's a conversion process that can happen through direct experience or through art.

AC: What is the value and meaning of national parks for us today?

WW: To say a place is a national park is to say it has an aesthetic value: national parks are a way of framing the land. The change of perception is in the framing or naming it a national park, focusing on its aesthetic qualities. As rangers, we give a narrative to this place which will get the public to engage and love what is in front of them, what is ordinary, to get them to notice. Our job is to bring biological and aesthetic appreciation together.

Warren White is a National Park Service Naturalist in the Marin Headlands.

Many disagreed. An editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle* sharply criticized the Marin County Board of Supervisors. In a statement that was to prove prophetic of the eventual federal intervention, the editorial invoked the words of President Johnson's State of the Union message, urging the "protection of our green legacy for tomorrow."

The architectural trade magazines of late fall 1966 were tracking the slow progress of Marincello. Frouge's plan was, if not entirely derailed, enmeshed enough in local politics, injunctions, and lawsuits to be indefinitely delayed. Work proceeded on Marincello at a snail's pace: a road was graded, rudimentary street signs were erected. Pillared gates were raised at the entrance to the development in Tennessee Valley. By mid-1967, the project was deeply embroiled in lawsuits, including counter-suits between Frouge and his partner, Gulf Oil. Work on Marincello ceased. On January 5, 1969, Thomas Frouge died in New York City. A year later, the State Appellate Court ruled on Sausalito's lawsuit, saying that the Marincello master plan must be reconsidered. Gulf Oil did not appeal.

By 1969 and 1970, action on the Headlands had shifted from Marin to Sacramento and Washington, D.C., where local commission intrigues gave way to drafting legislation and securing votes. During the years of the Vietnam War, environmentalism — particularly environmentalism restricted to creating parks — became a non-partisan domestic issue. President Nixon himself was anxious to continue the Great Society programs of his predecessors. The question was not if, but rather what kind and how large a park might be created on San Francisco Bay. With the country in the midst of an unpopular war, the idea of creating new national parks within reach of large segments of inner city constituents, offered election-year salvation of a distinctly bipartisan sort.

In 1970, these sentiments erupted in a full-scale citizen's campaign. People For a GGNRA under the leadership of neighborhood activist Amy Meyer and Dr. Edgar Wayburn of the Sierra Club began working

New Games on the old rifle range, mid-seventies

to gather support for making the scattered surplus military holdings, state parks, and local properties into a new federal park. The local efforts were given an unexpected boost from Washington with Nixon's appointment of Walter J. Hickel as Secretary of the Interior. The former Governor of Alaska was not warmly received by conservationists. Nevertheless, in his first days in office, he expressed his populist beliefs with the slogan "Parks to the People — Where the People Are." Federal planners first proposed a small recreation area under joint local, state, and federal management. The City of San Francisco was having a budget crisis, however, and was quite ready to turn over bayside and ocean front lands to the federal government. In Marin County, the Federal government

John Kriedler: In 1979, the San Francisco Foundation received the Buck Trust and was trying to decide what to do with all the money that was restricted to Marin. The Headlands was an area that was going to be developed by the GGNRA for more public use, and considerable funds could be invested and serve people in the whole Bay Area as well. In general, I think that was one of the best things we did with the Buck money. The whole area of the Headlands was a very ripe area in terms of its proximity to San Francisco and to the Bay Area.

Ann Chamberlain: Specifically, what were the origins of Headlands Center for the Arts?

JK: Ann Howell left Fort Mason and set up an organization called the Headlands Foundation to do planning out there. The San Francisco Foundation funded that initial planning grant. She put together various teams to look at environmental programs and an art center. There was rhetoric of making an art center that resonated with the environment and yet it was still unformed as a community.

AC: So The San Francisco Foundation didn't fund the initial proposal for an art center?

JK: It was the first time in my career at the San Francisco Foundation that I realized how therapeutic it could be to turn something down, because the proposal had left out the people who were committed to some vision.

AC: When did you hear of Headlands Center for the Arts again?

JK: During this time I had been talking to Jock Reynolds, an artist teaching at San Francisco State University, who had been trying to put together a center at Tiburon. When the Headlands Center's first grant started to fall apart, I think I told David Riordan and David Sibbet (Board members of the Center at the time) about Jock and they made the connection with him. They began to have a different idea about what the possibilities were. The introduction of Leonard Hunter, Mark Thompson and David Ireland came through Jock. But It was David Sibbet and David Riordan who held the thing together at the beginning.

John Kriedler is a Program Officer at the San Francisco Foundation.

first looked at linking the properties of the various forts; but these excess lands had been promised to the state for parklands, and there were strong sentiments among Sacramento-based park officials that the state was better prepared to manage these lands, not to mention having a clearer, more successful mandate of community service. William Penn Mott, Jr., the State Parks Chief who a few years earlier had spearheaded the effort to create the state's East Bay Regional Park System, called the plans for the GGNRA a "flag-waving political ideal." He was especially dubious of the proposed park's actual accessibility for city dwellers of limited income, saying, "The poor people don't have the money to pay their way across the bridge." The federal government persevered, and in June 1971, San Francisco Congressman Philip Burton introduced a bill into the House of Representatives to create the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, a federal park consisting of a nearly continuous arc of land along the San Francisco and Marin County shores. Senator Alan Cranston introduced a similar bill into the Senate. There was an "uncanny lack of opposition" in Washington and even less in Marin County. In November of the election year of 1972, the bill to create the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, passed the House and Senate. It was signed into law, along with a similar bill to create the Gateway National Recreation Area at the entrance of New York Harbor, by President Nixon with an expression of "particular pleasure." A month later, Gulf Oil Corporation sold the 2,000-acre Marincello site to the Nature Conservancy, which made plans for conveyance of the land for inclusion in the GGNRA.

Over the next three years, the new park administration and their advisory board conducted hearings and studies to determine how best to manage the area, and what programs and services were needed. Journalist and naturalist Harold Gilliam captured the spirit of those years in an article cautioning vigilance amid the celebration of victory: "The overriding question, regardless of how the area is administered, is what is to be done with the land? It raises a whole new range of problems. How is the park to be made accessible and useable to urban populations without permitting it to be overrun, destroying its natural splendor?"

Jeanette Redensek works at the Museum of Modern Art and is a student of art history.

Ann Chamberlain: What was it that drew you to the Headlands and the development of the Headlands Center for the Arts?

David Sibbet: I had been working on the agenda of getting people to shift over to an ecological way of thinking from a mechanical way of thinking in all my adult work. I was raised in the high Sierra and nature is a real thing to me, and I experienced cities as very odd. People in cities do not on a profound level understand life cycles, and ecological relations. We're in a vast experiment right now to see if we can step up to that kind of understanding fast enough. Bucky Fuller's idea of spaceship earth is the grandest way industrial society thinks of its work, whereas the Gaia movement sees the earth as one organism that is creating a sentient consciousness. These two paradigms point to two very different ways of thinking about the world. If you make the assumption that the world is mechanical and that you can rationally figure it out, and it's only time before we solve cancer, AIDs, and all the rest of our problems, you will approach people and organizations out of that idea, and run around fixing things. Gardeners don't try to fix their garden, they tend it. People who grow food or raise babies or take care of anything that's alive have a deep respect for the indeterminacy of life and a deep respect for the order that's in it. The new science is beginning to discover ways of thinking about chaotic systems to reveal their order.

At the Headlands you're in a natural area that has been used by the military, yet the natural is still there. So you keep going back and forth between the built and natural environment. I was really excited about creating a community for exploration of these ideas in the environmental community and the arts community. I'd come out of public leadership training, so the fact that it was in the middle of a park with public agencies looking at it from every direction was thrilling, because you had to deal with ten public organizations that all had real mandates.

David Sibbet, a management consultant, was Chair of the original Board of Directors of Headlands Center for the Arts.

Formation of Headlands Center for the Arts

After the Burton Act was passed establishing the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, the National Park Service set about writing a general plan for the development of the Park. One of the participants in this effort was Ann Howell who devised the plan for managing Fort Mason and later moved to the Marin Headlands where she formed the Headlands Foundation to create a plan for this area. From the beginning, an art center figured prominently as a use for the area. A team consisting of Lanier Graham, Tyson Underwood, Helaine Fortgang and Diedre Fronchack was appointed to develop an art center that was to "take advantage of the park setting as an inspiration to the creation of visual arts and promote an active sharing of that process with park visitors."

Ann Chamberlain: What was your background before coming to the Headlands Center for the Arts?

Leonard Hunter: Both Jennifer Dowley (the Center's Executive Director who was hired in 1986) and I came out of a public art process that saw a shift in the role of the artist towards sharing rather than mystifying their processes. Both the work and process of public art is dialogic, engaging a public in a process of thinking about something rather than confronting them in an adversarial way. We were seeking a more engaged role for artists in social problems.

AC: What were your hopes for the Headlands Center for the Arts?

LH: What was exciting to us in those early days was how could this center become a place for a new kind of exchange about the culture as a whole. Related to those questions were what would the rooms look like? How would the furniture function? These were the kinds of questions we wanted to entertain with the first commissioning processes. The artists' approach and process was informed by the dialogue that surrounds him/her. It was part of the artist's job to be in communication with people and to share and to let something come out of that exchange process. The artists had the ultimate control and the synthesizing vision, but were open to sharing what is on their mind.

AC: How does an artist's personal process of exploration apply to the public and social arena?

LH: When I play music, the tune is just an excuse for getting inside the tone quality of music, it's a process of exploration. Artists have a capacity through their work to focus and direct those qualities of thought. People outside that process see the products of art as the art, and not as artifacts of that process of exploration: it's not the true meaning of the thing. Artists have a personal relationship to an instrument, a palette, or a process, that direct relationship of caring about the ideas they explore. Part of the problem in this culture is the loss of relation between thought, feeling, and action. Artists work through ideas and feelings with materials. Their understanding resides in the concrete and tangible knowledge of that personal process of discovery. This is applicable to a range of situations and cultural needs, whether it's making art, city planning, or putting together a series of lectures.

Leonard Hunter is a member of the Center's Board of Directors and is Professor of Art at San Francisco State University.

One of three works installed by Gyongy Laky, using colored surveyor's tape woven into grid patterns, 1984

The situation of having a spectacular setting that has been used for military preparedness is such a contrast - a strange sort of scarring on the landscape. I was immediately interested in what another kind of vision and perception could do about those two different realities. The metaphor that I used was darning, mending, like darning socks. This landscape needed some fixing so that it could continue to be useful. The military stuff is difficult to live with. We've got too much of it in our daily lives. I embraced the idea of restoring the land to a point before European contact, but I learned that the military is an equally embraced aspect of the history of the Headlands.

When I came to install my piece, there was a message to go see Dick Hardin, the ranger in charge of the Headlands. He was very anxious about my project, so we talked while my assistants waited and walked up and down the beach. When I came back two hours later, I told my students that this dialogue was all part of it. Dick Hardin talked about concerns of reconstructing the land, of trying to get it back to its original natural state before European contact; he talked about his responsibility for the buildings. I understood a level of caretaking and concern for authenticity and historic preservation that I did not know existed there.

In the process of talking to the rangers and other people in the park, I really respected all opinions. I knew that I wouldn't win everyone over, but that's part of the public process: you have to respect people's viewpoints even if you disagree down to your toes. With the rangers, I talked about the meaning of art and its value to human beings and why we can't live without it. They talked about the importance of nature and how absolutely essential it is, and that having a park - preserving the beauty - is essential for human beings. So in a funny way, we were talking about the same issues with the same level of concern and commitment and it was easy to understand each other.

Ultimately, the piece really was about engagement with people, the process of education: the art was the conversation.

Gyongy Laky is an artist living in San Francisco and Professor of Art at the University of California, Davis.

The Headlands Art Center, as it was then called, was to focus on the visual arts alone and consist of a master artist/apprentice program, an exhibition program, a publication program and a series of community service projects conducted by the apprentice artists. The plan was approved by the GGNRA and the Center's planners became its managers. Funding for this concept could not be found. David Sibbet and David Riordan joined the Board of Directors and eventually with a broadened goal and a small grant, mounted an exhibition of temporary outdoor pieces called *Landmarks*. The show included Gyongy Laky, William T. Wiley and Denis Leon. Laky's and Wiley's works were vandalized and removed shortly after their installation. Permission was never obtained for Leon's piece to be installed, because of the controversy surrounding the other two works. This project was a critical one in opening a dialogue with the National Park Service about the realities of an art center, and it influenced the nature and future direction of the Center.

Subsequently, David Riordan became Acting Director and held numerous discussions with John Kriedler at the San Francisco Foundation about the Center. Kriedler introduced the Board to artist, Jock Reynolds, who at the time was teaching at San Francisco State University. He and Helen Brunner later consulted with the Center on the development of two projects. Reynolds proposed David Ireland and Mark Thompson renovate the meeting rooms and also recommended that Leonard Hunter join the Board. Reynolds and Brunner also assembled the team of artists who eventually were commissioned to write a guidebook to the Headlands — *Headlands: The Marin Coast at the Golden Gate*, published in 1989. A search began for an Executive Director to oversee the further development of the Center and in 1986 Jennifer Dowley was hired. Since then, the mission of the Center has been broadened to include all art disciplines. The master/apprentice model was dropped in favor developing a community of artists and thinkers representing diverse disciplines and cultures. The Center's philosophy and mission has deepened and grown to be the "investigation of the interdependence between place, community and art for the purpose of effecting cultures." However, the original intention of having artists through their investigations, link the public closer to an understanding of natural systems, is still very much at the core of what the Center does.

Ann Chamberlain: What do you remember about working out at the Headlands?

William Wiley: I came up with drawings for the structures that were out there, but I didn't know how they would fit in. The population has so covered everything, it just seems that any place you can, you should hold the line, because you're rarely enhancing the landscape. But what I wanted was pretty simple, so I said I'd do it if they'd find students to execute it. Later, I went out and tacked up a painting on one of the buildings and hung a swing across the pond. Right away there were complaints about the graffiti on the bunkers. People objected to the graffiti which is everywhere in the city, and now was out in the landscape that they loved. And I was in agreement with them. I had reluctantly put it there, but I also liked the message: "Is there another present?"

AC: It seems that you weren't really committed to your piece's location in the land. Could you talk about that?

WW: I just don't think that it's often appropriate enough. It takes time and a mutual need, and there's no time: we're living in a time when there isn't any.

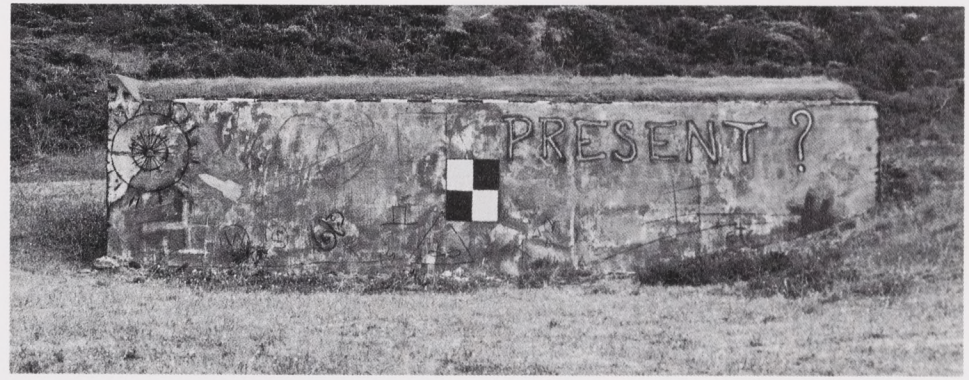
AC: So for you it would have meant doing something that was much more committed to that place.

WW: I had an opportunity to stick something big in the landscape and once I did, I wasn't so sure. It's all about interaction: approaching the natural world as a dialogue with some kind of awareness that whatever you're meeting there has as much to offer as you do, to the situation. It just seems necessary in light of all the corners we've gotten ourselves into environmentally. It's hard to think that people can be excited about drinking poisoned water. It shows such an appalling lack of imagination.

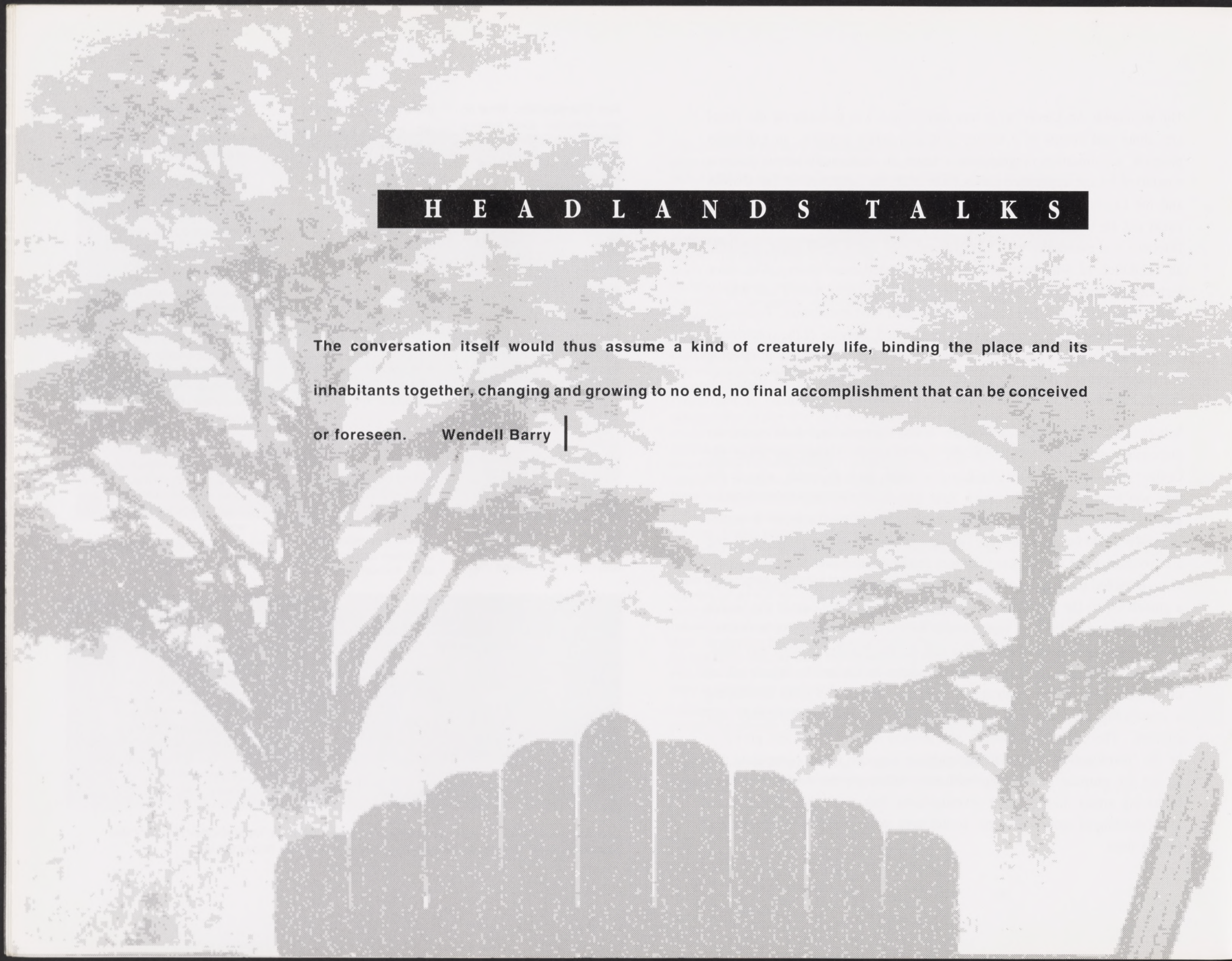
AC: What do you think the role of art and artists is, given this lack of imagination?

WW: The trouble is that people don't mess around enough. It's all so goal oriented. It seems that our imagination needs to turn back. We reached the frontier and all of our limits in the natural world. At the threshold of atomic energy, we rushed right on through where real imagination would have hesitated. Again, not being able to say when is enough. Creativity, imagination, and dreams: if all of that had a higher appreciation in the world, if all of that was shared more in all cultures, we'd be at a less critical place in the world.

William T. Wiley is an artist living in Woodacre.



One section of William T. Wiley's installation in Rodeo Valley. *Is There Another Present?* was painted on three concrete structures visible driving inland from Rodeo Beach.



HEADLANDS TALKS

The conversation itself would thus assume a kind of creaturely life, binding the place and its inhabitants together, changing and growing to no end, no final accomplishment that can be conceived or foreseen. Wendell Barry

We can only know the world through the experience of the place we inhabit, through the evidence of our senses. Our experience of the Headlands and its relation to the Bay Area as a nexus where land meets water meets air, is the basis of this series of talks. It is the convergence of numerous habitats, a complex balance of ecological and cultural systems. We live in both a delicate and endangered balance with the natural world. The Bay Area shares with the rest of the world the problems of overpopulation, pollution, and rapidly shrinking natural resources. The problems we face are rooted in our assumptions about the natural world: the implicit belief in infinite and renewable resources, the valuing of the individual at the expense of the community, and the desire for profit over the preservation of the natural environment. Through these talks we explored both the natural circumstances of the Bay Area and our attitudes as a culture towards this place. In order to act appropriately, we need to understand both who and where we are.

The Headlands Talks took place at the Center between March and June of 1990.

Ann Hamilton and Wes Jackson

Wes Jackson: But what is the ecologist a student of? Community. What is it that we know has had war waged against it in this culture? Community. And it has been devastating to human communities, devastating to ecological communities, and so if community becomes the metaphor and at the same time the mystery, then our art should reflect the potential of the healing process. See, I think one of the reasons that community is a mystery as well as a metaphor is that we're still creatures of the Upper Paleolithic and we're still basically tribal in many ways. A lot of emergent qualities developed in that tribal context, so that the community is sort of an expansion of and a more sophisticated form of tribalness, a somewhat more sophisticated form. So if the art can be in support of helping us come to terms with the mystery that is within community, then we can begin to turn back the freeways, turn back the jet airplanes, turn back the toxic waste, turn back the nuclear power and still have a place that we can live in, that we like after everything has been destroyed by power. That's all that's available to put it back together. Power can't put it back together.

Wes Jackson in conversation with Ann Hamilton

WES JACKSON: The Tended Earth

The world presents us with great uncertainty. Sea level is not a constant. The Pacific at Panama is higher than the Atlantic side because as the earth turns, water piles up on the west side of continents. We don't know what's happening to polar ice; it might actually be accumulating as the globe is warming.

We need to come to terms with the very basis of our knowledge of science in the modern world. To that end, we are forced back to the early 1600's when Francis Bacon explicitly said that we must bend nature to our will, to the time when Rene Descartes added that to do so, we must place priority on the parts of things over the whole. The worst assumption of the modern scientist is that the world is like the method. Furthermore, this method for dominion and power does not acknowledge the fact that as the world is broken down, the emergent qualities are lost. Nevertheless, that became the modern world view on how we come to understand the world. This is the beginning of modern science and remains the dominating lens through which scientists see the world.

In his *Discourse on Method*, Descartes said that the more he sought to inform himself, the more he realized how ignorant he was. Rather than regard that as an apt description of the human condition, and a very proper result of a good education, Descartes thought that it was correctable. Descartes' legacy to the modern world view, then, is that our ignorance is sufficiently correctable to run this world we have made complicated. This is a destructive assumption, for it amounts to biting off more than we can chew. We are billions of times more ignorant, for example, about the area affected by Chernobyl - which reaches all the way to the Antarctic now - than we are knowledgeable, and our ability to correct the consequences of that one accident is clearly zero.

We might be, unwittingly, in the midst of a tremendous change. We may be, as a culture, about ready to acknowledge that our knowledge-based world view is responsible for Chernobyl, Three Mile Island, acid rain, global warming, an ozone hole as big as the United States and so on. All of these problems had their origin in the modern industrial mind.

This is not intended to be an exercise in scientist bashing. We environmentalists are not off the hook here, either. We, too, operate with a Baconian-Cartesian mindset. Twenty years ago we made predictions about future disasters, predictions based on extrapolations about population increases, resource depletion, environmental pollution and so on. What we are learning now is that the ecological catastrophes certain to come over the next 20 years are going to be as unforeseen and as unforeseeable as the breakup in Eastern Europe or as AIDS was 15 years ago.

Community works as well as it does because community is civilization's upscaling of the tribe, that fundamental unit of human organization which existed for tens of thousands of years. Even though families are important, the tribe is probably more fundamental than the nuclear family (if both parents died in the tribe, their offspring would still be raised) and certainly more fundamental than the public.

Community as a scale beyond the tribe, must count on both culture and the slack built into a tribe just as organs and tissues are built to handle more than they usually experience. The public, on the other hand, is a rather new phenomenon, a consequence of population increase. The public interest is an abstraction and is destructive, especially when there is no particularity to accompany the abstraction.

Arriving in San Francisco from the south on 101, the freeway suddenly ends. One must noodle through San Francisco to cross the Golden Gate Bridge. San Franciscans must have been sufficiently powerful to place their community interests over the public's, thereby saving their city from the freeway. If we are to save people and the landscape, community holds the key for the repudiation of the destructive power of public interest.

Richard Lewontin and Richard Levins at Harvard have repudiated reductionism and instead have promoted a dialectical approach which acknowledges an interpenetration between part and whole. Here whole affects part and part affects whole.

Wendell Barry has carried this somewhat beyond the dialectical. He has talked about a conversation with nature. In his words:

"A conversationalist would not undertake to impose its vision and its demands upon a world that it conceives of as a stockpile of raw material, inert and indifferent to a use that may be made of it. It would not proceed directly or soon to some supposedly ideal state of things.

The conversation itself would thus assume a kind of creaturely life, binding the place and its inhabitants together, changing and growing to no end, no final accomplishment that can be conceived or foreseen. Farming in this way, though it certainly would proceed by desire, is not visionary in the political or utopian sense. In a conversation you always expect a reply. And if you honor the other part to the conversation, you honor the otherness of the other party, you understand that you must not expect always to receive a reply that you foresee or one that you will like. A conversation is admittedly two-sided and always to some degree mysterious. A conversation requires faith."

To move from Bacon's subjugation of nature to a dialectical relationship with the world and finally to a conversation with nature is progress of the highest order. A conversation requires no assumption that our knowledge is adequate, but rather the opposite. Agriculturists of the future will be in constant interaction with the environment. It will be a thought-intensive agriculture, rather than a chemical- or energy-intensive agriculture. Humans and nature will then be one.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Center on March 8, 1990.

Wes Jackson, author of *New Roots to Agriculture*, is a geneticist and founder of The Land Institute in Salina, Kansas which is dedicated to exploring sustainable agriculture and stewardship of the earth.

GRAY BRECHIN:

Imperial San Francisco
The Environmental Costs of City-Building

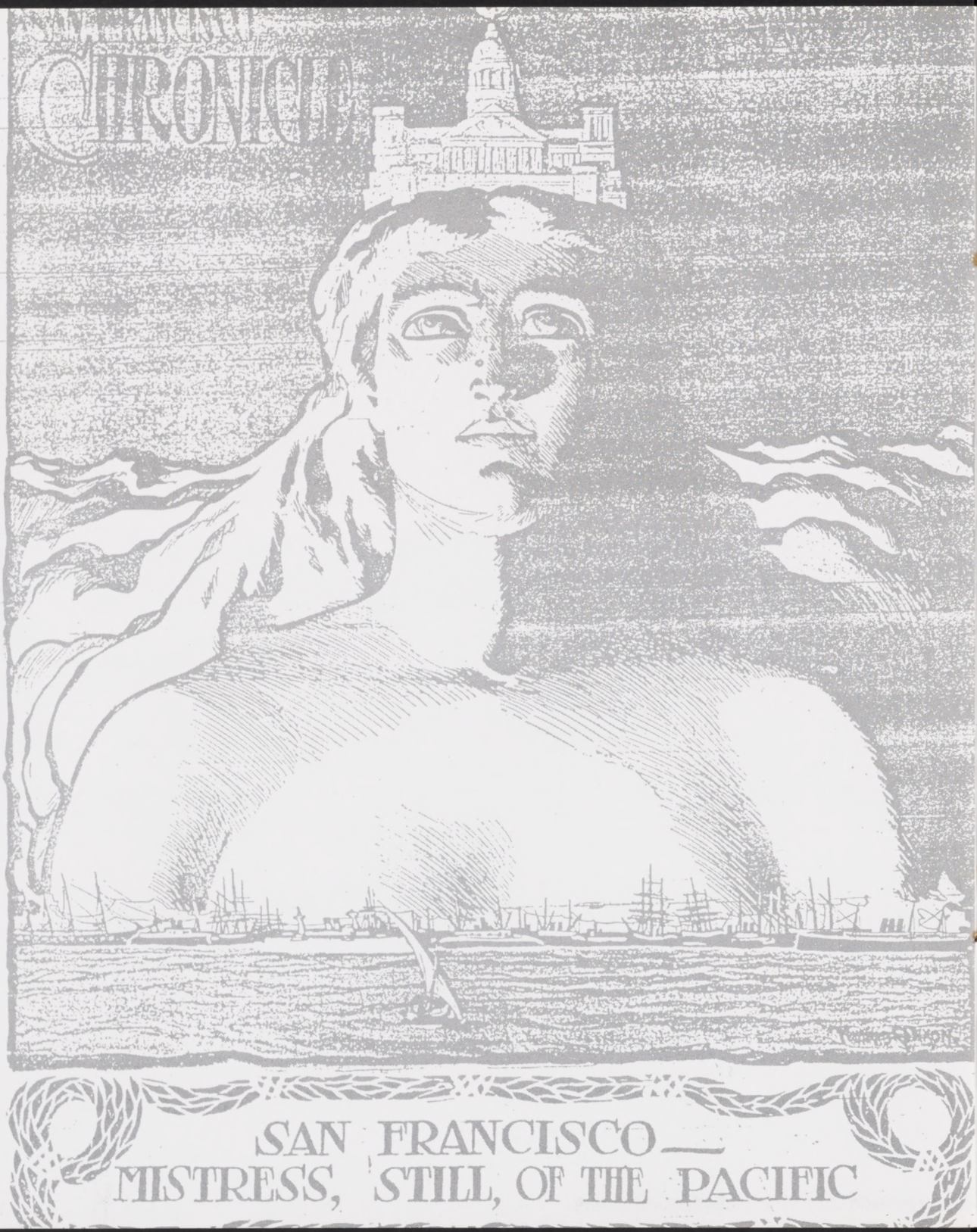
Saving the world's rainforests, its indigenous peoples, or dolphins without understanding the dynamics of urbanization is like treating the symptoms of AIDS without identifying the disease. Attempted cures in both instances will prove futile. While the virus afflicting individuals was quickly named, that which is killing a planet understandably remains unknown.

Cities have had good press long before the printing press was invented. Cities are, after all, the centers of communication, and a lot more besides. A secure city accumulates capital and knowledge, it generates inventions and creates art and fashion. Those who speak for it can claim that the city is the motor of civilization itself. Civilization, no matter how barbaric, is whatever those who control the media say that it is.

Italians have traditionally understood the city as part of a larger whole. They speak of the *cittá* and its *contado*; i.e., the city and the land that sustains it. Ideally, the two constitute a mutually beneficial relationship; in reality — especially as the city grows to imperial status — the relationship between the city and its *contado* ceases to be symbiotic and becomes parasitic. A near-synonym for *contado* is the city's *dominio*, making explicit the hinterland's submissive role.

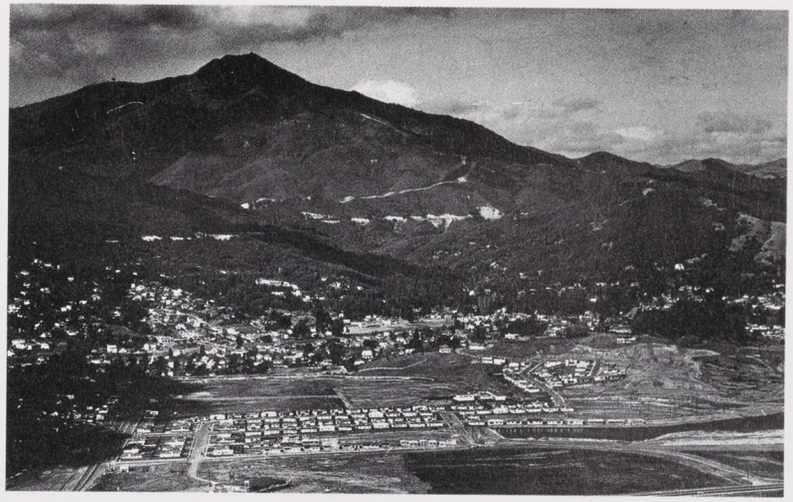
When a town attains the size of a large modern city, its inhabitants lose any sense of their responsibility to the *contado* and its people. That is the nature of the imperial city — a center of power which employs remote control to hold an enormous territory by implied and actual force. Over the past 500 years, a few cities have been able to claim nations as their *contados*, a fewer still overseas empires. Think of the super-city, then, as an immense whirlpool, at the heart of which are the financial, administrative, and media centers and the few families which control them.

In the late eighteenth century, Europeans began to learn how to use the mathematical and physical discoveries of the past century to create machinery giving them unprecedented power over nature. As energy from the British coal fields surged into London, the capital began to sprawl across the land as no city before had done. With the advantage of a jump-start in mechanical discoveries and in weapons development, London became both the first modern city and the headquarters of the first global empire. Its fundamental nature, it seemed, was to grow — making those who owned its land phenomenally wealthy in the



S.F. Chronicle, May 27, 1906

View of Mt. Tamalpais looking west over Corte Madera, ca. 1921



View of Mt. Tamalpais looking west over Corte Madera, ca. 1951

process. Two centuries later, San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein could state as axiomatic that a city that is not growing is a dying city.

Even as Dickens' London spread along the Thames, a would-be challenger appeared on the edge of the habitable world. The city of San Francisco was born of imperial thrust. In 1846, when only a scruffy Mexican village stood on Yerba Buena Cove, U.S. Army Scout John C. Fremont named the opening to San Francisco Bay "*Chyrsopylae* (golden gate)... on the same principle that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople afterwards) was called *Chrysoceras* (golden horn)." Fremont imagined the site as destined to rival the heir of Imperial Rome, a gateway for trade between the Far East and Far West.

Unfortunately for those who wanted it, San Francisco Bay was then owned by Mexico. The Mexican-American War, in which Frémont played a starring role, resolved that detail. As Mexico succumbed to the vastly superior power of its northern neighbor, a fierce debate raged in the Congress as to how much of its territory the U.S. should take as reparation. Many Congressmen wanted all of Mexico, while others objected to absorbing a "degenerate" and Catholic people along with their real estate. As compromise, Mexico was paid $15 million dollars for its sparsely-inhabited northern half, an offer it could not refuse as long as its capital was occupied by soon-to-be President Zachary Taylor and his army.

The newly-minted phrase "Manifest Destiny" had served to justify the war. Equally inspirational was a much older line from a poem by Bishop George Berkeley: "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Many Americans fervently believed the westward expansion of the white, Anglo-Saxon, or Aryan race to the Pacific was the Lord's will. And God did indeed seem to approve of the war, for gold was discovered in California just a few days before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed in 1848.

Suddenly, tens of thousands of foreigners poured into one of the remotest areas of the world, and a city whose owners had imperial pretensions of their own appeared overnight at *Chrysopylae* — the Golden Gate. With such an influx, San Francisco real estate offered extraordinary opportunities to speculators who arrived early enough and with sufficient capital — or superior skills of fraud — to acquire swamps, dunes, and bay before anyone else did.

San Franciscans wasted no time in reshaping the topography to conform to ownership maps. They energetically leveled hills to fill the bay in a vain attempt to achieve the ideal flatness of paper. Yerba Buena Cove became the financial district, the command point which sent out troops and technology to transform the West to fuel the city's lucrative growth. Following the Gold Rush, the American frontier moved east as well as west. Mining was, of course, the first and foremost of California's industries, the very model of extractive enterprise, and around it grew up the compelling myths, as well as the ethos, of Western culture. San Franciscans soon began manufacturing their own, improved machinery to exploit their *contado*.

Mining did produce some spectacular fortunes, particularly after the discovery of Nevada's Comstock Lode in 1859. The silver of the Comstock financed the building of the West's infrastructure. Banks and exchanges were formed to raise large amounts of capital for hard-rock mining and railroads; they in turn concentrated and channeled the flow of mineral wealth to a few families who quickly declared themselves the city's *ancien regime*. Left behind for posterity to worry about was the wreckage of the Malakoff Diggings, the Sacramento Valley dredge fields, and other scenes of devastation, as well as the problem of mercury wherever mining occurred. Capital flowed too, to any industry that would produce a quick and spectacular profit; in the attitude toward sequoias, soil, wildlife, water, and people, the extractive ethic of mining remained the same.

Westerners have long assumed a superior virtue for living close to nature. Yet from the start, painters, poets, and publicists celebrated the Arcadian qualities of the Golden State in order to sell and destroy them. The West's literary magazine, *The Overland Monthly*, adopted the motto, "Devoted to the development of the country," and its articles consistently trumpeted the

wealth to be made from exploiting the land. Newspapers were no different. The whirlpool grew ever wider.

As San Francisco expanded, so did the zone of deforestation around it. Redwoods fell *en masse* and were fed into the city's planning mills to create its famous Victorian houses, while the bared soil where forests had stood, slid to the sea, causing ruinous floods. Wildlife, too, was exterminated in an ever-widening band to provision San Francisco's restaurants and hotels; otters vanished along the coast while the Alaska Commercial Company raided the Pribiloff Islands for seal pelts. Sugar plantations hit the Hawaiian Islands like an ecological shock wave. Natives were put to work on land until recently their own, or shot for sport.

International boundaries are never immutable, and San Francisco, like New Orleans, became a launching pad for privateers hoping to liberate Hawaii, Borneo, Nicaragua, Peru, and various states of Mexico generally for the U.S. and specifically for themselves. In 1853, Commodore Matthew Perry's well-armed Black Ships forced open the door to trade with Japan. Three years later, Perry told the American Geographical Society that the westward course of empire compelled the United States to move its western border to the eastern shore of Asia. In short, the Pacific Ocean would be the nation's *Mare Nostrum* and San Francisco its Rome on the Pacific Rim. Small wonder that while demanding the admission of California to the Union in 1850, Senator John C. Calhoun claimed, "The future of our empire hangs on the decision of this day."

Militarism, metallurgy, and mining are intimately connected in the building of empires. Railroads built to exploit the West's mines and speed its commerce served also to move troops about to subdue its natives. When the U.S Circuit Court ruled in 1884 that hydraulic mining had to stop because of the environmental havoc it was wreaking on California's interior, San Francisco's Union Iron Works shifted production from mining equipment to battleships and heavy armaments.

It took fifty years for the United States to pacify and digest the continental *contado* which it had wrested from Mexico in 1848. By 1893, its leaders began to look for new lands and islands. In that year of severe depression, historian Frederick Jackson Turner declared that the American frontier — so essential to the national character — had ceased to exist. Other pundits called for new markets, for colonies like those of the European powers, for a revival of racial virility and of Manifest Destiny. William Randolph Hearst, heir of a western mining fortune, used his expanding media empire to beat the war drums. Later, he proudly claimed the Spanish-American War as his own. Under Admiral Dewey's command, the Union Iron Works' warships were instrumental in acquiring the Philippines in 1898 and in fulfilling Commodore Perry's prophecy of oceanic empire. In the same year, Hawaii was annexed as a coaling station.

The newspapers of San Francisco were ecstatic about the new Pacific empire. The *Chronicle*, in particular, ran frequent articles on the opportunities for fortunes to be made in gold, coal, sugar, hemp, and hardwoods, as well as cheap labor and the limitless markets of the Asian mainland. Filipinos, unfortunately, felt betrayed by their liberators. An estimated 5000 American troops and as many as a million Filipinos died before a sort of peace settled on the scorched islands.

Teddy Roosevelt and others insisted that effeminacy and hesitance had no place in the American character. Manifest Destiny had returned for a vigorous encore. Seventy years before Mayor Feinstein claimed that a city could only grow or die, San Francisco historian Hubert H. Bancroft approvingly wrote, "Upon a new hypothesis the nations of the earth become divided into two parts: those which are living and those which are dying. The question of survival becomes paramount among all kingdoms and commonwealths, which are to live and which are to die and be devoured by the others. To live there must be food and light and air, which implies land which again implies war, conquest, subjugation, and extermination." The historian's sentiments were, in fact, common in the mainstream press at the time; the terms Anglo-Saxon and Aryan were interchangeable, and Bancroft's "food, light, and air" would soon be translated elsewhere and by others to *Lebensraum*.

San Francisco's leaders were simply following the age-old prescription for imperial urban wealth. Today, as many more cities compete for the earth's "food, light, and air," its vital signs are faltering as surely as those of a patient covered with Kaposi's lesions. The euphemisms change, obscuring the cause of the planet's critical illness.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Center on June 6, 1990.

Gray Brechin is a geographer and historian. He is a columnist for *San Francisco Focus* and a lecturer at San Francisco State University, California College of Arts & Crafts and UC Berkeley Extension. He is currently working on a book entitled *Imperial San Francisco*.

PETER RICHARDS: Water and Weather

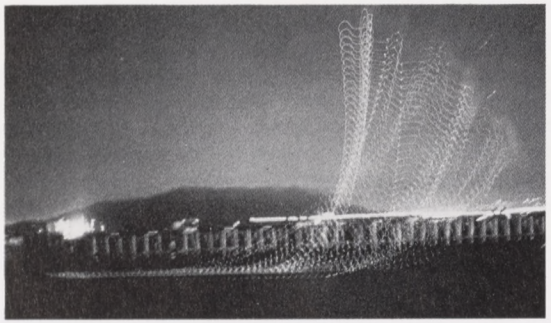
I was involved in a series of experimental projects with a friend and artist, Vince Grippie, from 1977 to 1980. We both like to fish, and spent a lot of time in San Pablo Bay. As we experienced the Bay, we were thinking of ways of learning more, and perhaps visualizing some of the things we had seen.

I started looking at tide books which are full of information about water levels, moon phases, and currents: a powerful tool for predicting events. One night we drove a nail into a piling at Fort Mason and then calculated when the water would be at that level two weeks later. Two weeks later, the water had gone right up to the top of that nail. So we started thinking about how to make that event visual.

We used light sticks stuck into a piece of styrofoam to emphasize the up and down movement of the waves as they come in from underneath the pier. We installed lines at low tide and the line that the lights were attached to was down another two or three feet. The piece was to be completely submerged. As it got darker, the piece began to develop a personality, becoming an illustration of the conditions of the water.

Playing around with tides and wave action it occurred to us to do something about waves and their relation to the wind. We ran a line out on the water and pulled one end up with a helium balloon, developing a visual relationship between the wind that was moving through an area and the surface of the water.

Wave Organ by Peter Richards is located on the jetty beyond the Golden Gate Yacht Club, and uses the Bay's wave action to sonically activate the pipes.



Sky and Water, Fort Point, Peter Richards, 1978

Next, we focused on Fort Point because of its wave activity and we developed an elaborate piece that would consist of four or five lines of the lights that lay flat on the water. We realized that the currents were not doing what we thought they should, so we went to the Bay Model to predict when the water was turning around. We thought if we did this piece in late September that the weather would be just right for this event for which we needed a calm evening. On the day of the event, we tried for two hours to install the lines on the surface of the water, but the waves got higher and higher and we were constantly blown against the pier. The piece literally became part of the weather and the conditions of that night. It was miserable for us and we were really humbled by the experience.

The process we used to do these things had begun a conversation with the Bay or with Nature which became richer and richer as our vocabulary increased. In the last piece, we got cocky and set up our agenda which was more about how clever we were than about what was going on in the Bay. We learned about many basic things: do not work from a pier or from a solid object because you are going to encounter it sooner or later. We learned that we should not use a lot of fancy gear because it can be destroyed by the waves. We learned about being wet and cold, too.

This process set up the space for a number of works that I have been involved in since. "The Wave Organ" was certainly an outgrowth both in content and in process. I still use the same process which is essentially to maintain a conversation with the site, building a good vocabulary and holding off on developing an agenda until right at the end.

HAROLD GILLIAM: Water and Weather

Somebody estimated that during the high fog season about a million tons of water vapor pass through the Golden Gate in one hour. That gives you an idea of the magnitude of the phenomena we're looking at. The Golden Gate is the only break in the sea coast range that goes into the Imperial Valley: a focal point of the geology, weather, and climate of the coastal area. It's a meeting place for the species from the land, from the inland, and from the coastal and marine areas.

The weather here is influenced by the larger air and water currents throughout the Pacific. The air and the water of the Pacific Basin are circulating in a clockwise fashion around the North Pacific: west along the equator, north along the coast of Asia, back through the Bering Sea and down the coast of North America. The currents of water are pushed along by the wind, and there is an upwelling of the waters because as that current is pushed down the coast by the air, the water tends to veer off shore, and the water that replaces it comes from beneath. You get colder water here than in any part of the U.S. outside of Alaska. This cold water acts as a refrigerant, cooling off the air. As it cools off, the moisture picked up from travelling across the water condenses, causing oceanic fog.

In the summer, the interior of California begins to heat up, creating a high pressure area. As the hot air rises, cool air comes in through the Golden Gate to replace the hot air of the interior. There's a draft between the cool coastal area to the warm inland area. So during the summer we have a fog bank moving inland creating incredible fog patterns as in San Francisco or the Marin Headlands when the fog rolls in and cascades over the coastal range like a great Niagara waterfall. When there's no longer such a difference between the interior heat and the marine cool with the wind moving inwards, the fog dies down and will hang off shore and not come inland until the valley heats up again. The legendary cycle is three days of sun; three days of fog. This effect starts in March or April and increases into August. In the winter after the first rains, the land is drenched and that's when we get a second kind of fog: tule fog. On cold nights the earth loses heat and acts as a refrigerant, just as the ocean does, cooling off the air that comes in contact with it and causing fog. It's called tule fog since it originates in the tule marshes of the Delta region. So, in the winter time when the land is cooler than the ocean, we get the reverse of what happens in the summer time: the fog moves from the land to the sea.

The weather of the Bay area has an impact on all of us. San Francisco has become a center of culture partly because of the changes of the climate and its stimulating effects. As Peter Richards has said, in the Bay Area we are in constant conversation with the natural environment.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Center on April 4, 1990.

Peter Richards is an artist and Director of the Artist in Residence Program at the Exploratorium.

Harold Gilliam is the author of *Bay Area Weather* and writes an environmental column in *This World*, the Sunday supplement to the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He was formerly Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior.

PETER NABAKOV:

Present Memories, Past History

I would like to share with you something I have written about American Indian architecture. One of the three issues I would like to discuss today deals with the role of Native American materials and the value of that material in one's own artistic work, and I am going to read something about that, since it is a problem in my own life.

It was at a time in the early seventies when I began to exhibit that profile of the true believer labeled the chastised self. Like a textbook convert, I found my scholarship on American Indian and White relations turning into a campaign for cultural exorcism. I lost humor and irony and suspected impartial study, I developed a cold heart towards my own cultural past, and I came close to melting Indian world views and values into one blinding light that could guide us all into a brave new world. One who swims between cultures can get stranded from either shore. On the reservations my Indian host would look perplexed when I used Indian existence to pick at the scab of my own resentments. They would hear me scorn family, custom, and government. They were thinking, this is a strange bird that defecates in his own nest. Where can he go when he is old or sick and wants a meal? Before long, I sensed that I was falling into the trap of insulting the Indian ways I found so vital by sentimentalizing and fossilizing them. As so many others, I was endangered by idealizing the trappings of Indian culture and contorting my research to conform to that ideal. I began to wonder, was there no end to the search for a pure home base? It was as if were there not Indians, I would somehow come around to inventing them as the utopian antithesis to so much that alienated me. Around that time, a friend asked bluntly, "What does Indian mean to you?" And that triggered an old memory. I was six years old and I was being taken from the East Coast to live with my grandparents in Minnesota. Our train was crossing the Wisconsin Dells when out the window I saw a hamlet of domed wigwams. The scene came back with such power. I felt such a relief at recovering it. I could not imagine how it had been submerged so long. I see them today, something secret and trustworthy about their closeness to the ground, they were light, yet firm, younger brothers to their trees in size and color. Between homes, unsure when I would see my mother again, was it possible that some part of me went out of that window and stayed there, a kid wandering around by the tracks. At that moment I entered some sort of captivity narrative of my own, as if becoming a mixed blood in my heart. It serves as a personal origin myth, and it might just be so.

Papago Rain House, Big Fields, Arizona

Not long after that memory surfaced, I launched into this fifteen year study of American Indian architecture and one day thirty years after, I approached the mat covered, winter wickiup of Lewis Kupaway and his wife, 100 feet from the freeway outside of Shawnee, Oklahoma. Sunlight mottled its parched cattail mats when we pulled aside the doorflap. In here, Louis said they were protected from the four thunders. These mats were sewn from cattail stalks which the snake has permitted Mrs. Kupaway to visit. Two weeks before, they had transferred these mats from the summerhouse's peak frame to this domed winter structure as their Kickapoo culture hero Wisaka had instructed them long ago.

By now, however, I became less surprised by such survivals and continuities. My years of investigation into Indian housemaking and sacred geography had let me into the heart of histories premised upon spiritual renewal. Not only had available materials been ingeniously adapted by Indian builders to create shelter for every habitat and climate, Indians have also encoded their homes and settlements with cosmic symbolism and social order. I learned that architecture served much the same function as storytelling; it performed a symbolic repository and occasion for spiritual renewal. In territory after tribal territory I teased out prototype house descriptions from origin myths. I kept encountering culture heroes receiving detailed instructions for making their first house from an all creative father. Passing these on to their human descendents was one of the key indices of tribal persistance. Subsequent structures were consecrated as archetypes of this prototype, of its sanctity and its aliveness. For such myths had the making of primal lodges coincidental with the creation of the world, and architectural elements possessed cosmological correspondences: floor was earthly plain, ceiling was sky, smoke hole was sun, walls were cardinal directions, and ladders and sacred posts and trees outside the door were axes around which the world spun, conduits of power to worlds up and below. Hearths or pit shrines were navels of creation. And with myriad regional variants and complexities, I discovered cosmic order in the humblest of spaces. It seemed a universal impulse expressed in diverse cultural forms. It tied today to the time of no time, the pre-human flux before the birth of history.

So architecture was one of the processes that harkened back to world renewing just as the great festivals and ceremonies do. It was the grandest manifestation in material culture of a cultural longing found the world over, what Mercia Eliade calls the nostalgia for paradise.

I began to perceive how unnecessary and insulting it was to claim that the years during which our ethnographic pioneers were transcribing tales from our last traditional elders were some finale of tribal culture. Nor did Indians hold any exclusive claim to archaic verities. All our ancestors had re-enacted mythic history. It was endurance and renewal that kept societies vital, not credentials of esoteric purity from lost universes. Every cultural cosmos was as many layered as the East Indian's description of what this world sat on: it sat on the back of an elephant, and that elephant stood on the back of another elephant, and that one on top of a third, and after that it is elephants all the way, or as the Iroquois might say, turtles all the way. Nor could anyone of us help joining our own renewal pilgrimages to confront the layers again. As Scott Fitzgerald said in the closing lines of *The Great Gatsby*, so we become cats against the current bounced back ceaselessly into the past. Those wigwams which had promised refuge to a boy of six had led him in and then had set him back out into the world.

Excerpt from a presentation given at Headlands, May 1990.

Peter Nabokov is a cultural anthropologist and co-author with Bob Easton of *Native American Architecture*. Photographs in this section are taken from that book.

Kickapoo Cattail Mat Lodge, Shawnee, Oklahoma, 1976

ESTHER PINOLA:

Theories and Sources of the Origin of the Bay Area

Esther Pinola: When I take a walk and I look at the old pepperwood trees growing at Pt. Reyes, I think: this is medicine to us. We use it for almost everything. I look at those trees over there and imagine what they must have seen 50 years ago or 200 years ago. As a native person, I have so much respect for being able to walk in the same place as others have before. I think that's what I feel when I'm in different places: people call it geology, but all of it is significant to something.

Ann Chamberlain: You don't have to separate yourself from a place to know its past.

EP: It's being open to all of it: accepting of modern things that are here today and that very old pepperwood tree that's there. You can't take away what comes to you and what feeds you when you're standing somewhere.

AC: You're constantly feeling the full significance of things that are around you. In contemporary culture, Tarmac separates us from the ground and makes us travel fast and forget, and you're talking about remembering and slowing down .

EP: You need to give some kind of reverence, thanks to this medicine here because it's everywhere wherever you go. I'm always looking for an acorn tree that's been here for a long time, or a pepperwood tree. It's medicine left for our survival. That spirituality is a real part of a person. The elders talk about the past as if it was still here. It never leaves you. The past is always with you and you're part of that continuation. You see that in your children, in your grandchildren. My daughter's children are now learning the dances, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that is continuing.

AC: In recovering your family's history, are there things that can't be told ?

EP: I was talking with my uncle one day because I wanted to know about the history of the reservation. He started to talk and he said a few sentences and then he started to cry and he told me to shut off the tape recorder. He said it was really sad sometimes to talk about the old people because he missed them. It was just too painful to talk about them. And I never realized that, because I was caught up in this modern way of moving. That was probably one of the strongest lessons I learned about recovering the past: it's someone's personal memory. Sometimes it just isn't possible to know.

Excerpts from a conversation at Point Reyes, October 15, 1991 with Ann Chamberlain

Esther Pinola is a Kashia Pomo and serves as a cultural consultant at Kule Loklo in Point Reyes National Seashore and for the Marin Museum of the American Indian in Novato.

Pomo Tule House, Clear Lake, California

Pomo Fishing Shelter, 1924

MARY HILL:

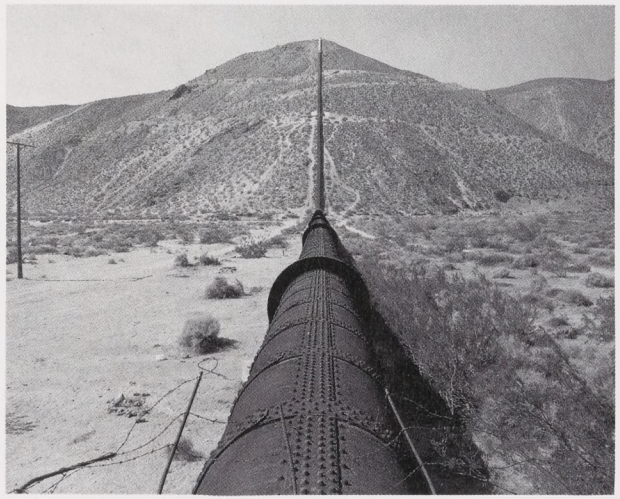
Theories and Sources of the Origin of the Bay Area

I was trained as a geologist, and from that vantage point I undertook a filmic study of Cronkhite Beach. In geology we have to deal with the past in order to find out what is going to happen in the future.

Beaches change throughout the year. A winter beach is quite different than a summer beach. Cronkhite is rather unusual, because it is a crescent beach, and the sand goes back and forth very differently than other places in California, particularly south of Golden Gate, where most of the sand that is along the shore is pushing its way along a big conveyer belt that eventually dumps it into submarine canyons near San Diego. California beaches are pretty emaciated because the sand that once contributed to the beaches is now being stopped by dams in the mountains. That is not true for Cronkhite. There are three main sources for the sand on Barrier Beach. The horns that actually form the crescent and the Headlands along the side are one source. A second, is the material coming down the creek from the Marin hills. The year that I made the film, there was a development project proposed for the tops of the hills called Marincello. They started building gates and roads which contributed a lot of sand, but the project was never realized. A third source, besides the hillsides and the horns, are some old dunes out at sea that were the shore about five thousand years ago. In particularly strong storms, the sand from those beaches is washed onto the shore. A geologist from UC Berkeley came to the conclusion that most of the pebbles at Cronkhite Beach, especially the carnelians which everybody likes to gather, are about five thousand years old, that they have been tumbled in the surf for about that amount of time.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Center on March 21, 1990.

Mary Hill, the former Editor of *California Geologist*, is a geologist for the U.S. Geological Survey and a former teacher at San Francisco State University. Her film *Barrier Beach*, shot in 1975, is available at the Visitor's Center in the Marin Headlands.



Owens Valley water leaving Owens Valley and entering Los Angeles, 1989, from the Water in the West Project

MARC REISNER: Water and Politics

The California Dream to me is an effort to synthesize man and nature in a way that has been done to some degree in southern European countries, like Italy. I think we had a notion that we could become a Mediterranean paradise: big elegant cities beside a clean ocean; agriculture growing picturesque crops like grapes and oranges, and in the background snow-covered mountains. And to some degree we have done a nice job. We preserved the coasts, mountains, and some of our majestic forests. We have done a lot when it comes to energy conservation. We are, environmentally speaking, a very forward thinking people. But we have done a terrible job with our water. And that is what I want to talk about today.

We went through one hundred and thirty years enthralled by the boom and bloom mentality. So sure, our ancestors said, it was perfectly sensible to take this river and move it out of its bed, and dry it up completely, and send it to a canal, and dump it into another river, and put it into the Central Valley, and grow with it. The idea of growing rice in the desert, of course, was tantalizing even though on its face it did not make any sense. Here you have a desert that gets ten, twelve inches of rain and here you have a crop that needs a hundred. Let's grow it. Let's show what we can do. And of course, we did the same thing with building dams. A dam is defiance of nature taken to an extreme, maybe the farthest extreme. Maybe not as far as nuclear power, but it is certainly a statement that we are out here to interfere with things, to rock things around. Because we have been doing this so long and we did it so efficiently, it is almost a miracle that we did not mess things up even more than we did. But we have gotten to a point now where our value system has changed radically.

We are twenty to thirty years ahead, in our thoughts of the policies and institutional changes that we have to initiate if we are going to make water a central part of the experience of the natural environment in California, if we are going to have not just 150 or 200,000 acres, but one million acres of wetlands. If we are going to have some idea of what it used to be like in the Central Valley, we are going to have rivers like the Yuba with real water in them, not eight cubic feet per second. But we have so many ironclad laws, institutions, policies, and reflexive ways of doing things that militate against these kind of changes, and that is what we have to get rid of.

I just wrote a book with a lawyer, and we looked at all the proposals that have been made to transfer water, reclaim water, just to do things differently. We came up with a catalog, probably forty pages long of institutional impediments to change. Take, for example, the Central Valley Project, the biggest water project in the world. It has water in it for about 100 million urban users, with some left over for the environment. Nearly all of it goes to agriculture. A lot of the water is incredibly cheap, so it is used more inefficiently than it ought to be or could be. A lot of it grows crops like irrigated pasture, even though you need 5,000 pounds of water to raise one pound of cow in a near desert like the San Joaquin Valley. It is virtually impossible to buy water from the Central Valley Project for any purpose other than irrigation. The water has to be left in the Central Valley, that is the defined place of use.

There are four crops growing in California, irrigated pasture, alfalfa, cotton and rice, each of which uses more water than metropolitan Los Angeles and San Diego combined. If you got rid of those crops you would reduce agricultural water use by 40%. If you reduced the acreage by 10%, you could satisfy population growth for 20 years without building a single new dam. Agriculture uses more than 80% of the water in California. To remedy the problems of water in California, we need to inform people about how water is used and create legislation which regulates its use. That's where Phil Isenberg comes in.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Center on April 19, 1990.

Marc Reisner is a writer and author of *Cadillac Desert*, a history of water in the western United States.

Furnace Creek Inn, Death Valley National Monument, 1987, from the Water in the West Project

Water in the West Project was founded in 1989 by eight photographers to create contemporary documents and collect historical images on a wide range of topics related to the use and abuse of water. The photo graphs produced by these artists will enable historians, environmentalists, and the public and private sector to engage in an informed discourse about the use of this vital natural resource. Currently, members are photographing the marks of contemporary culture on the lower Colorado River Basin, making aerial views of agricultural practices in the Great Plains, addressing water rights at the Paiute Indian Reservations at Pyramid Lake and documenting daily life along the concrete channel of the Los Angeles River. The current roster of photographers is: Bob Dawson, Ellen Manchester, Greg Conniff, Mark Klett, Peter Goin, Martin Stupich, Wanda Hammerbeck and Terry Evans.

A Project of the Headlands Center for the Arts

PHIL ISENBERG: Water and Politics

The current five-year drought may be just the swift kick California water policy has been begging for. Consider, for example, some of the ways that water is used and abused in this state.

While most urban areas faced huge water cuts, rice farmers in the Sacramento Valley (who use twice as much water as everyone in the entire Bay Area) couldn't legally have their water supplies cut by more than 25%.

Farmers in California's southeast desert (who use three times as much water as everyone in the entire Bay Area) didn't need to conserve one drop of water this year. When the head of the federal water project suggested that the Imperial Valley farmers might want to conserve seven percent of their water "voluntarily," he was told "no."

If it doesn't rain, there's no water to deliver. New dams may help a little - especially those built south of the Delta to store water for dry times - but dams can't make it rain.

Some of our southern California friends argue that the Periph-eral Canal would help in a drought. It's clear, however, that the canal would allow the water managers to ignore the health of the Delta and San Francisco Bay during the next drought. And they would.

Water conservation and water recycling, essential in a drought, are necessary over the long-run to meet the water needs of a growing state. Most short-term drought responses must become permanent, if perhaps less severe.

Voluntary, free-market water exchanges between urban and agricultural areas must be encouraged and promoted. This year's successful water bank must be made permanent.

We need to pay more attention to the environment, which got

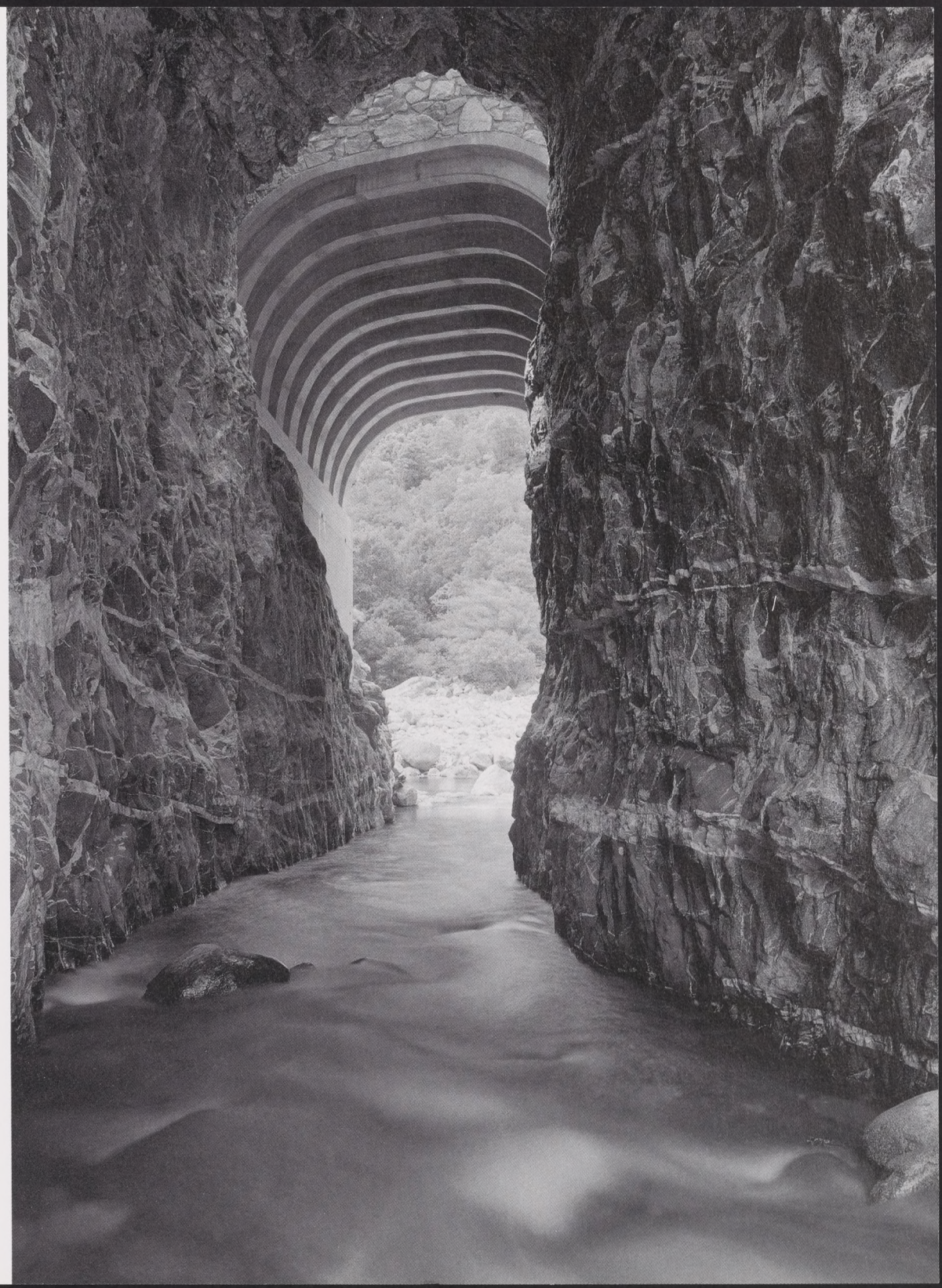
lost in all of the drought commotion. Salmon can't talk, and their starving kids don't do well on television, but if we lose the fish and we lose the ducks and the geese, we'll be worse off for it.

We need to remember that the water of this state does not belong to any one person or group or to any single way of life.

We'll survive this drought. But if we're to get through the next drought, we need to make dramatic changes in the way we manage, allocate and distribute water in this state. If we do, we'll have better control over our limited water supply, and the environment will be better off for it, too.

Excerpts from The *San Francisco Chronicle* Water Op-Ed by Assemblyman Philip Isenberg.

Phil Isenberg, California Assemblyman for the Delta District, is a member of the Parks and Wildlife Committee. In 1989, he successfully authored legislation to end Los Angeles water diversion from Mono Lake. He is a leader in preserving the Delta for farming, fishing and boating.



Tunnel, Feather River, 1987, from the Water in the West Project

the HAIDA PROJECT

For the Haida, art and boat making are not something extra, separate, or on the side, but central to the culture. You are putting the whole culture into the making of a boat, pole or any artifact. Joan Vastokas

The Haida Project was intended to provide insights into the meanings and methods of Haida carving as a living tradition through the residency of two native carvers and the creation of a traditional totem pole and boat.

The Haida Project took place between September and December 1990 and focused on the residencies of Reg Davidson and Jim Hart, both from the village of Masset on the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Guaii). Reg and Jim lived at the Center and carved two 30 foot red cedar logs in an unused army warehouse at East Fort Baker. Reg with assistant Glen Rabina carved a canoe which was named "Raven Canoe" by Florence Davidson, his grandmother, in honor of Reg's father, Claude, who died during the project. Jim Hart, working with Wanagun and Leon Ridley, carved a totem pole, "Rock Pole," also named by "Nonnie" Florence. The pole has been loaned to the Bay Area Discovery Museum in East Fort Baker where it can still be seen. The pole was carried to its current site by hundreds of volunteers on the day of the closing ceremony. The canoe was carried to the water and launched on the same day.

The Haida Project also included lectures, film screenings at the Pacific Film Archive, exhibitions at the Lowie Museum and Meridian Gallery, and an outreach program to hundreds of school children. The project was a collaborative endeavor of Capp Street Project, Society for Arts Publications of the Americas, and Headlands Center for the Arts and attracted over 10,000 visitors. The programs explored traditions of the Haida and their meaning to our contemporary culture.

Reg Davidson and Glen Rabina with *Raven Canoe*, 1990

Boat as Vessel: Travel, Tradition, Transformation

I am very interested in technology as cultural metaphor, the way in which a technology or innovation permeates throughout a cultural system - not only in terms of physical reality, but also in terms of its ideological manifestations, like poetry, literature and art. As in the case of other technological innovations, boat making and boats become pervasive in the reality of a society and then begin to have an impact on the rest of the culture, its imaginative and philosophical life.

Boats have universal characteristics as well as meanings dependent upon the particular culture. They are containers: vessels containing persons, objects, and in some cultures, spirits that go on a voyage. There is also the notion of transport which is different from the notion of containment, and means movement from one spatial or geographical zone to another. Finally, boats float on a surface between air and water: they are between two worlds.

In cultures for which the ocean, the river or the lake plays a prominent role, either economically or in some other all pervading manner, we see the boat in connection with spiritual transportation, from earth to upper world, and from an unholy place to a holy place, or between two states of being. In British Columbia, the boat functions as a coffin, or as a means of transportation for the dead to another world in the case of the Vikings.

Spiritual rebirth is attached to the sweat lodges of the Northwest Coast. In Hoopa, California, a sweat lodge of the Yurok has a gabled roof covered with a very old dugout canoe, bringing in the sweat lodge as an important transformative and purifying rite.

In the case of the Haida canoes, the boat is a zoamorphic vessel, an animal guardian protecting the objects and persons it contains. For the Haida and all cultures, art and boat making are not something extra, separate or on the side, but central. You are putting the whole culture into the making of that boat, creating an artifact.

Joan Vastokas is an anthropologist and art historian from Trent University, Ontario.

We started off with a log that was 33 feet in length and 3 1/2 feet thick. We did a pencil drawing that was ten-to-one scale which was transferred to a piece of wood and I carved a model of the canoe. The model then was transferred to the log again.

We started by carving the boat upside down. Seeing the film of *Lootaas* helped us figure out how much wood to chop away. It was a lot harder carving upside down: when you carve a totem pole it's face up and you can visualize it. The weather was tricky because it was so dry, and the wood kept checking. The final proof was putting it in the water to see which way it would float.

Reg Davidson. Excerpts from a talk at the Center on September 29, 1990.

Reg Davidson: I started carving when I was 18. I always wanted to be my own boss, and do what I wanted. People always talk about talent, but it's discipline where I come from: wanting to learn. I used to be the first person in the workshop in the morning and last to go. It's because I didn't want to be a tourist artist and do little trinkets. I wanted to carve all year round and make a living and not worry about not having enough. It was a lot harder then because Northwest Coast art wasn't as popular. When my daughter was 5 months old, I remember one month I only made $25. Now I sell to 3 or 4 galleries. For a long time our culture was suppressed. It's taken all this time to start up again.

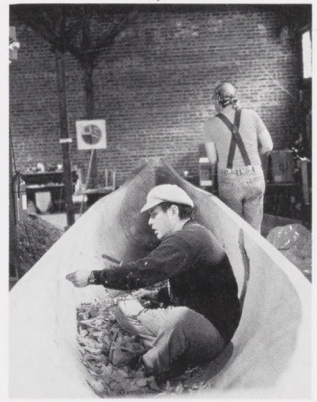
Jennifer Dowley: In a way, you're catching up now. You're reinventing your own culture.

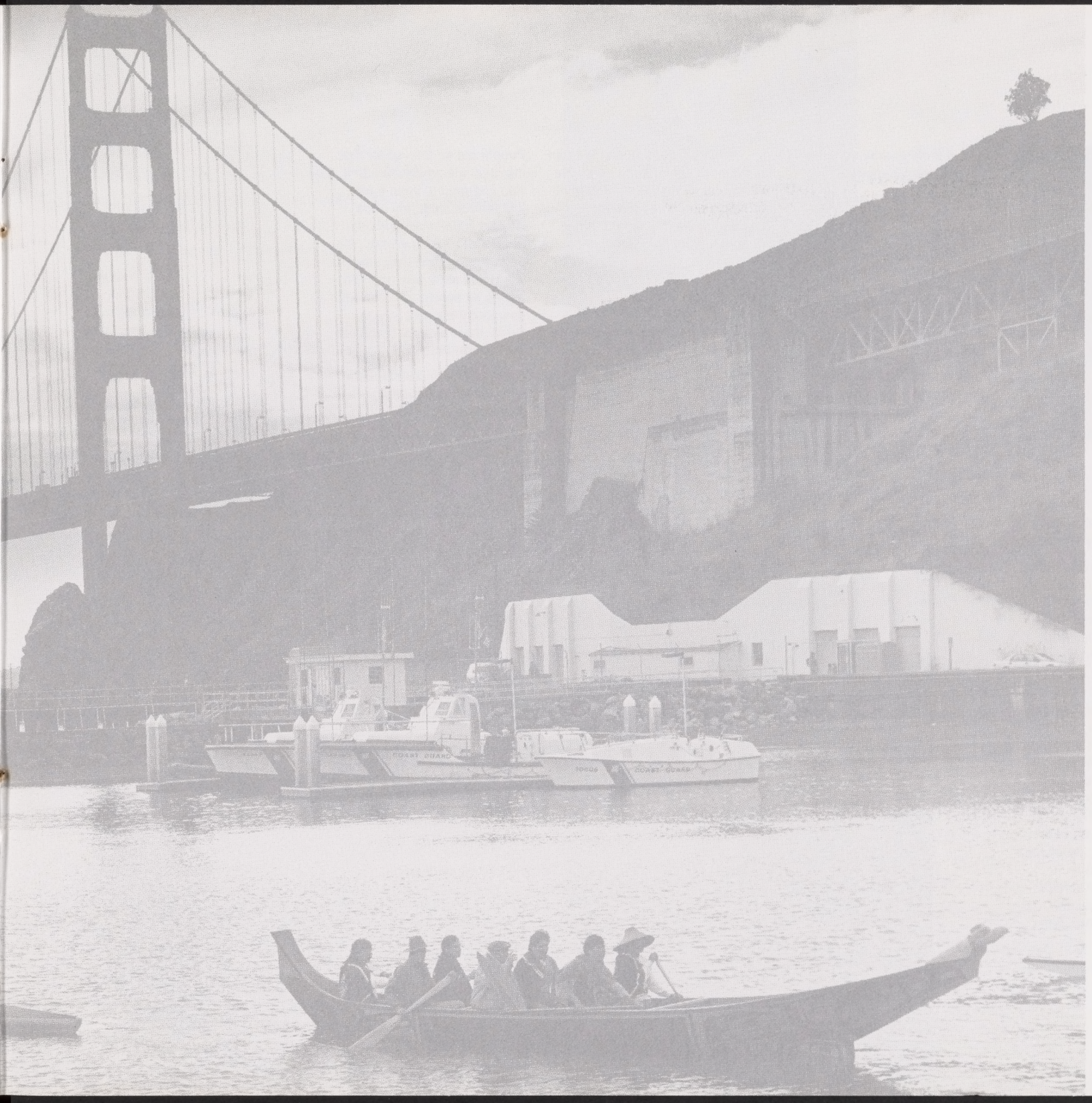
RD: When I'm working, I feel I'm doing something new. What I want to do is make something which someone who doesn't know anything about Haida art will find pleasing to the eye. A lot of the elders, my grandmother and my dad, a lot of them are dying off and it's forcing us at our young age to become elders. Being artists, we have to learn the culture, to understand what we're doing. It's being forced upon us. Like raising the pole and launching the canoe, we're beyond doing the physical part. Now we have to tell others what has to be done, and I enjoy that.

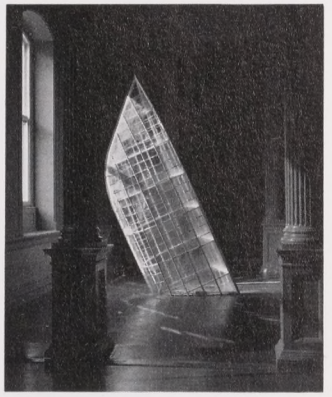
JD: Why did you make the canoe?

RD: Whether I came down here to do a boat, a mask, or a pole, it's having people better understand our culture and where I'm coming from.

Excerpts from an interview with Jennifer Dowley, December 20, 1990



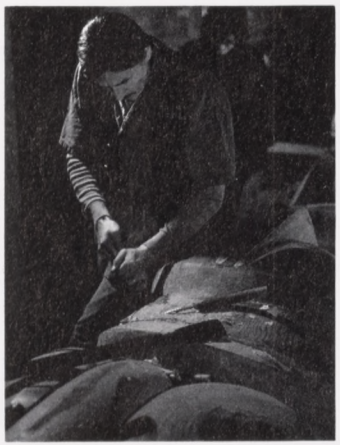




Vanishing Ship (Greenhouse for Lake Lahontan), 1987

I relate the idea of a kiln to a journey: the ships I create become things that go into the fire of the kiln as archaeological units, rather than pieces that are to be glazed. They go into the kiln and come out as some sort of evidence of that journey. I set up situations where things unfold, happen naturally. In other words, the kiln itself is a voice, so I let this kiln help me say something.

John Roloff is an artist who teaches sculpture at Mills College.



Jennifer Dowley: You once said that you were either going to be a fisherman or a carver. Could you talk about the decision you made?

Jim Hart: My grandfather's family were all fishermen, so that attitude is in the blood. Their whole time is different; it's not like ours. They work on tides, the weather, the people, psychology, fish. You have got to know about mechanics for a boat. You have to know how to build boats and repair them, all kinds of things, and you have to know a lot to be good at it. I really wanted to go in that direction because it is exciting; you are on your own. But at that time the laws were changing yearly; the fishermen never knew where they stood from year to year, which kept them buggered all the time. I figured it would take me at least ten years to get in the position where I would own my own big boat and run it.

JD: Was it valuable for you to do a project away from the Queen Charlottes?

JH: Working away from the Queen Charlottes gives us a chance to actually get off the island, get out of that attitude up there, and see different things, to have a look at what is going on outside, look at the problems and what is coming up for us. Pollution, development, tourism are all coming to the Charlottes, but they are not there yet. The more we are educated to that at home, the better it is because we can start to get set for it. With the trees, we are going to cordon off some. They have got to last for the future. We have got to fight for them.

JD: Is there some value to communicating your ideas outside your culture?

JH: I have been hearing from people who have said it fed them something that they do not have anymore. They were talking about soul stuff. People are so starved for that, that they will pay money for it. You just want to keep it real. It is serious stuff. My main interest is in teaching Haida people about the carving. We need it more than they need it: it is Haida stuff, why not? We are so far behind at home with everybody learning how to carve, that I'd rather teach our own people first.

Excerpts from an interview with Jennifer Dowley, December 20, 1990

Rock Pole

This pole has the two main crests of the Haidas: the Raven and the Eagle, and at its base is the Wasco that represents our supernatural world. The Raven is the old race of the Haida and also the Creator who gave many pleasures to the human race.

Raven and the Moon

Raven in his travels over a twilight world hears many complaints of the people who want more light to fish for candlefish. If he could bring more light into this world, the people would be glad to feed him many candlefish.

Immediately Raven flies to the country of the old man who controlled the light. The old man's daughter is at the water hole. Raven changes to a spruce needle, drops into the water and floats to the young girl who is drawing water. She swallows the spruce needle and becomes pregnant, giving birth to a baby boy. With his supernatural powers, Raven grows quickly from a baby to a young boy crawling about. Raven watches the old man go to a corner of the longhouse and remove a smaller box from a very large cedar box until he has removed four boxes. He carefully lifts the lid and a burst of bright light floods the house. Raven cries for the moon to play with. Finally, with great reluctance, the old man opens the light box. The baby's cries stop and Raven coos with delight.

That night after the old man and his daughter fall asleep, Raven creeps out of his bed and, changing into his Raven body, opens the light box. Light floods the longhouse, waking a small bird living in the rafters, who sounds the alarm. Raven catches the moon in his beak and flies for the open smoke hole of the longhouse. As he struggles to escape, his once white feathers and body become permanently blackened in the smoke hole. Raven flies up into the sky and throws the moon high into the heavens for all men to enjoy.

Wasco

The Wasco is a supernatural being: part killer whale and part wolf. One day a man is out walking in the forest when he hears cries of puppies coming from the roots of an old forest giant. He pulls out two small puppies and packs them home. As these puppies are supernatural, they grow into larger than normal size animals. When the puppies are still small they can capture fish equal to their size. The Wasco pair grow very rapidly, and so do the prey that they deliver. With all of his rapidly accumulating food stores, the man becomes very wealthy. All of this is watched very carefully with hatred by the man's mother-in-law. She mixes up a very powerful medicine with rotted whale oil and some plants from the forest which she pours into the ocean while chanting a song. This causes the ocean to boil and storm very hard.

Worried, the man sets up watch for his Wasco pair to come home. Far out to sea, the man watches as one appears and then the other follows, both carrying a full load of whales. But the storm is tiring them. His shouts of encouragement are whipped away by the wind and lost in the pounding surf. The Wasco pair try to climb up the steep cliff to their master, but keep sliding back. You can still see their claw marks on the cliffs. Finally, the Wasco pair swim away from their distressed master into Skidegate Channel where, exhausted, they succumb and fall to the ocean bottom. There they became the twin rocks that we still see today. One conducts oneself with great respect when in their presence.

Excerpts from *Rock Pole* story told by Wanagun, December 15, 1990.

Artists & Projects

A quiet solitude and survival struggle exists in the history and landscape of the area. This provoked a dramatic shift in my creative response that remained constant and effected all the work I did there.

Susan Fenton

Each year, nearly 25 artists live and work in the Headlands for several months. They represent a wide range of disciplines and come from around the country and abroad. The residencies provide opportunities for artists to explore the Headlands and their own processes and potential as individuals. The results of these residencies can range from installations, publications, or performances, to walks, conversations, and the free time to think without interruption.

The Center provides further opportunities for artists to engage with the ecology and environment of the area through various commissioned projects, artists' dialogues, and the literacy and camp projects that work with children. Through these projects, artists extend their own capacity and roles into the immediate community and hopefully beyond.

LEWIS HYDE: The Freedom to Talk Dirt

The current debate over obscenity, government funding, and the arts has set me to thinking about dirt, what it is and why we have so much trouble with it.

"Dirt is a matter out of place," goes an old saying. Egg on my plate is breakfast, but egg on my face is dirt. Shoes in the closet are tidy, but shoes on the table are not. Certain movies shown in Covington, Kentucky are commerce; across the Ohio River in Cincinnati they are filth.

Dirt is also the anomalous, not just what is out of place but what has no place at all, or at least no place in the center of things. Cleaning house, we take those items that belong nowhere, call them 'trash,' and haul them to the dump at the edge of town. 'Dirt' that belongs no place may be hard to get rid of, but at least we can keep it out of sight.

Debates over dirt will always be with us, I think, partly because we recurrently discover we have been mistaken in our system building. Sometimes, when life goes a little dead on us or unexpected trouble arises, we come to see that we need the very thing we once called dirty.

Examples are common in erotic life: sexual attraction is disruptive enough that it often seems useful to treat it as dirt, but Eros has a way of escaping from the trash. Nor are the only examples of dirt's return sexual. I may believe some secret childhood wound has dirtied me, only to find, as I mature, that strength and purpose come when I let the secret out. Or a nation, as it matures, may find it cannot realize its ideals without enfranchising an entire group it had earlier marginalized and treated, as they say, 'like dirt.'

Reimagining the order of things in this fashion is a king of 'dirt work,' and different societies have different ways to go about it. Many traditional cultures, for example, have annual rituals with a kind of intentionally scandalous air. Carnivals of the medieval Church included all sorts of shameless acting out - the men dressed as women, people wore grotesque masks, sang indecent songs in the choir loft, told smutty jokes, played at dice, and so on. At a set time each year, Native American tribes allowed themselves to tell off-color stories of trickster figures such as the sneaky old Coyote. The citizens of ancient Athens, during an annual festival, paraded phallic images of Dionysus through the streets.

Such rituals provide a kind of controlled contact with dirt and, risque as they seem, actually have a conservative function. They keep dirt in its place. Rather than upsetting the order of things, they solidify that order by allowing short-term exception. In a hierarchical society, hierarchy is reaffirmed by its brief inversion.

Democracies have quite different institutions to ensure that the order of things can periodically be reimagined or remade. I am thinking in particular of freedom of speech (which prohibits the cry of 'obscenity' in serious debate) and the separation of church and state (which prohibits one group's moral system from becoming state doctrine). Democratic institutions allow contact with what the system excludes and - if we add free elections to the list - they even allow the system itself to change. People and topics that have been out of sight can become visible; those that do not like their place can work to change it.

If, with these ideas in mind, we turn to the current, end-of-the-millenium debate over obscenity, one thing to note immediately

is that, although there is a lot of dirt around, the laundry list we have been offered is short and particular. To judge from the grants recently proposed by peer panels, but denied by the NEA staff, we're asked to consider two candidates for dirt status: homosexuals and feminists.

Before commenting on these, allow me to offer two candidates of my own by way of contrast. In the Philippines there is a town, Olongapo City, whose economy is based entirely on prostitution: 20,000 bar girls and streetwalkers depend for their livelihood on the 7,000 American servicemen stationed with the Seventh Fleet. I like to imagine the politician who finds that obscene and seeks ways to redirect the Navy's wealth so that Olongapo City might diversify its economy.

Or, knowing how addictive nicotine is, I like to imagine a politician who would not only urge us to stop subsidizing tobacco farming, but go on to propose that members of Congress pledge to refuse all nicotine dollars offered their campaigns.

Two cases - sex and drugs - but neither, I realize is a serious candidate for dirt status at the moment. Neither the traffic in nicotine nor the traffic in women is sufficiently 'out of place' to make Jesse Helms' list. Why then homosexuals and feminists?

I assume it is because in these areas we are having what I called at the outset a serious argument about our system. Serious changes are upon us. In 1970, less than half of all women worked for wages; now more than half do, but they will still earn less than 70 cents for every dollar a man earns. Small wonder then, that there are artists whose performances ask us to reflect on how we imagine women.

As for how we imagine homosexuals, the question has a particular urgency now because of the AIDS crisis. Perhaps some earlier era could afford to keep homosexuals 'out of sight,' but such invisibility seems perilous. If we are to respond to AIDS, we must be free to speak of and understand images of homosexual love, exactly the images that those who cry 'obscene' hope to remove from sight.

Here let us come back to how democracy deals with dirt. There have always been societies with little tolerance for reconsidering the order of things; they tend to be both more stable and more repressive than our own. If they are homogeneous or small (the medieval Church, a Hopi village in the seventeenth century, say) they may not even be repressive in any modern sense. But America is not homogeneous and small; it is pluralistic and huge.

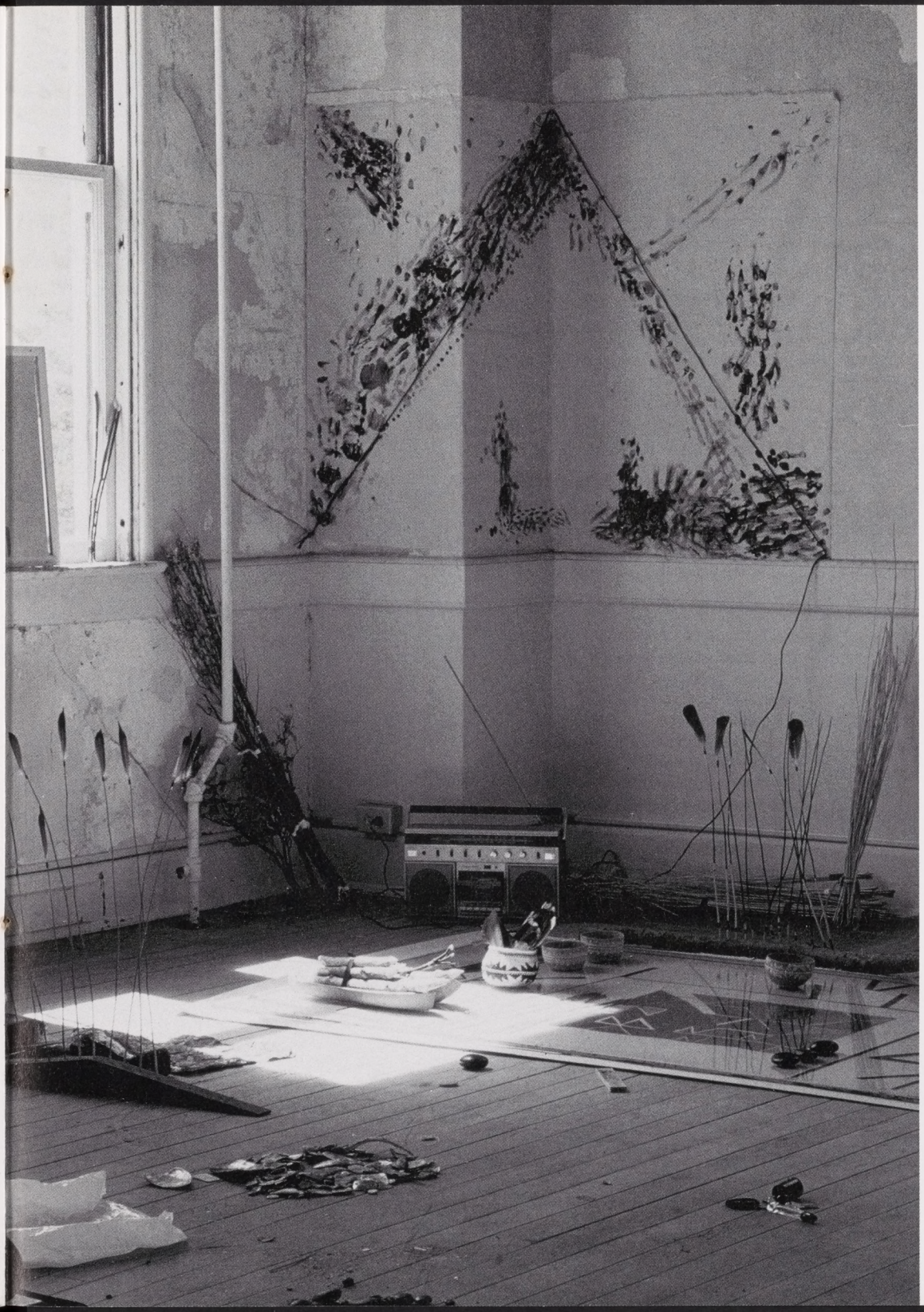
No such mass society can long endure whose citizens cannot talk freely about dirt. The Soviet experience makes this clear. For decades the Soviets repressed not just artists but humanists, religious leaders, psychologists, dissident politicians - everyone, that is, whose work might lead them to reconsider what the system excludes. The result was a nation repressive and, in the end, unstable, unstable because unable to respond to change, unable to reimagine itself.

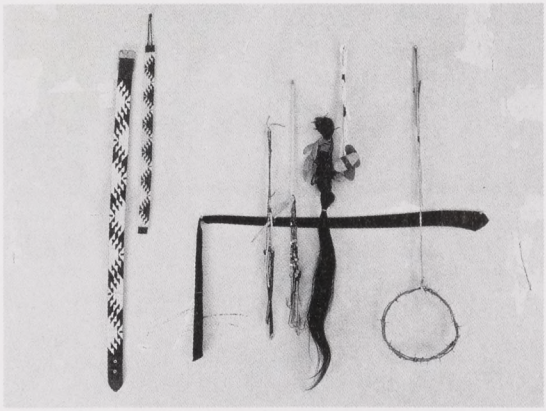
Now it is suggested that we ask American artists and humanists to pledge to exclude all dirt from their work. If we do, we also ask them to stop offering alternative images of our future. It seems an odd way to close the Cold War, as if we'd rather bring it home than end it. It also seems dangerous because democracy's longevity, I suspect, is linked to its tolerance for discussing what at first blush seems to be 'really dirty.'

© 1991 Lewis Hyde

Lewis Hyde was in residence at Headlands during the summer of 1990, a time of crisis in the arts community. Congress proposed language for the re-authorization of the National Endowment for the Arts that would specifically prevent federal funds for works that were considered obscene.

It was also a time when four artists recommended for NEA funding by peer panels were disallowed by the NEA staff because their work dealt with political issues, feminism and/or homosexuality. A version of this essay was delivered in June, 1990 at the Headlands and originally appeared in the *Journal of the American Institute of Graphic Artists.*





Brian Tripp was in residence for three months and developed assemblages and installations with materials collected over the years. The works dealt with his background and heritage as a Karuk.

Brian Tripp, artist in residence, Eureka, California

A Piece from the Suite

Always,
my love,
I am startled
by transcendence,
even my own,
as if
ladders owned our feet
and urged us to climb on,
and the spaces
between rungs
were windows
in which we are taught
new ways to see.

Kathy Evans, artist in residence,
Mill Valley

From "One Long Suite"

What will become of us when we realize
no one else in the world will save us?

What will become of the simple things:
star clusters, heat in winter, window boxes
of rosemary, a white cotton shirt, a holey straw hat,
rain, sleep, songs in C Major,
the pelican scooping up its groceries, the two deer
that took in the sunset as we took it in?

What will become of baseball on the radio,
linguini with clams, the indefatigable sun,
the very poem of a moon, a glass of water
on the bedside table next to the open wings of books?

And what will become of Chopin and his Opus #13,
and the piano upon which sits a goddess in the guise of a housecat,
and Andrew Walker's choral music at evensong,
the last note of which trippled itself through Grace Cathedral
as fingertips memorized the silken cells of spirit?

And what will become of the unbearable
delicacy of your eyelids in sleep?

And what will become of the filthy streets
where misery's favorites make do
with refrigerator cartons and garbage cans
and hardly a handful of coins in their begging box?

And what will become of you
now that you've returned to the underworld,
and what will become of the simple things—
which are all we have left to trust—
and what will become of trust
now that no one else in the world will save us?

And what will become of that Guatemalan family
I saw near sundown, the mother hauling by the handles
two bulging plastic grocery bags,
her smaller daughter (mocha skin in a pink dress)
holding the hand of her smaller brother
(who wore the world's tiniest overalls),
long shadows at their heels like dark guardian angels
as they walked straight into the gold light
at the western edge
of North America,
the three of them laughing?

I hate to think what will become of them.
They were happy.

Tom Centolella, artist in residence, San Francisco

Full of paper's bobcat spot verified by previous sightings. The cat's intelligenced a man of the state where none was sustained. Danged friable paths and utter

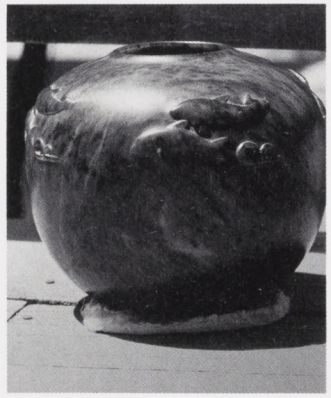
fixed attends a slight sway, a quick glance left and staple on. Bulk obscured by chaparral, that dried by drought, a shuffle the weight

tread and threat preparing. Ennerved pace like the earth a minute

two, three, by the scent, flanks exposed. The text is nothing, not even waiting. Taste lost sleep

a tense identity violating mere whereabouts, careful to back off still. An apt slip, game, and the brush runs by.

Gil Ott, artist in residence, Philadelphia



In 1990 a Miwok Elder gave me my life as an Indian. In 1990 the Headlands gave me my life as an Artist. Both gifts were inseparable to begin with.

L. Frank Manriquez, artist in residence, Cambria, California

Language of Paradise

Physical response and experience was important at the Headlands. Walking around in the blowing fog is a definite physical experience. I didn't think the place had a conceptual thematic framework that I had to respond to, so I could respond to feeling cold or listening to birds, the physical experience of the space. Museums and galleries try to remove the physical experience. The more expensive the museum and the newer it is, the more disembodied it is: you can't hear the air conditioner, and the floors are made out of soft cork material. There are all these things that almost try to remove your presence. You don't even notice anything. But at the Headlands, there's a lot of things to notice: the way the doors sound when you open and close them, the sounds of the seals barking at night or owls or the tree sounds.

Lewis de Soto, artist in residence, San Francisco

A quiet solitude and survival struggle exists in the history and landscape of the area. This provoked a dramatic shift in my creative response that remained constant and effected all the work I did there.

Susan Fenton, artist in residence, Philadelphia

Personal Observatory

we all have insights, we pick up feelings
like shortwave radio signals from:
places, people, dreams and atmospheric energy...
we pick up these yet to be named feelings
and with them we fine tune our 'picture of reality'
and even sometimes intuitively
we catch glimpses of the future.

Madelon Hooykaas and Elsa Stansfield, artists in residence, The Netherlands

Akimbo in the Headlands (or Elbow room at last)

After years of too many people crowded for too long in too-small dark rooms we emerge into the Headlands, a "Carne-vale" farewell to the flesh is midwifed in the Gym. We break into small groups and loners, wandering the trails and listening to the wind. Individual voices distinguish themselves from the white noise of collaboration. Solo works are created where before there was only the will of "The Group." The Headlands became a battleground, a playground, and a birthing ground for this rag tag group from the city.

Thomas Schulz, Elbows Akimbo, artist in residence, San Francisco

Loneliness is an important and not necessarily negative factor at the Headlands.

Amy Sparks, artist in residence, Ohio

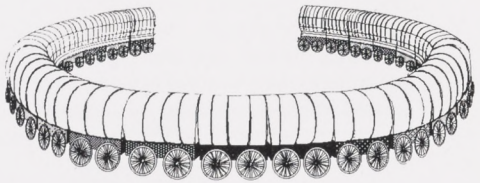
The key is to listen to one's heart
and the heart songs - or essence -
of each instrument
and let that sing for us

Sarah Hopkins, artist in residence, Australia

Equinox '90

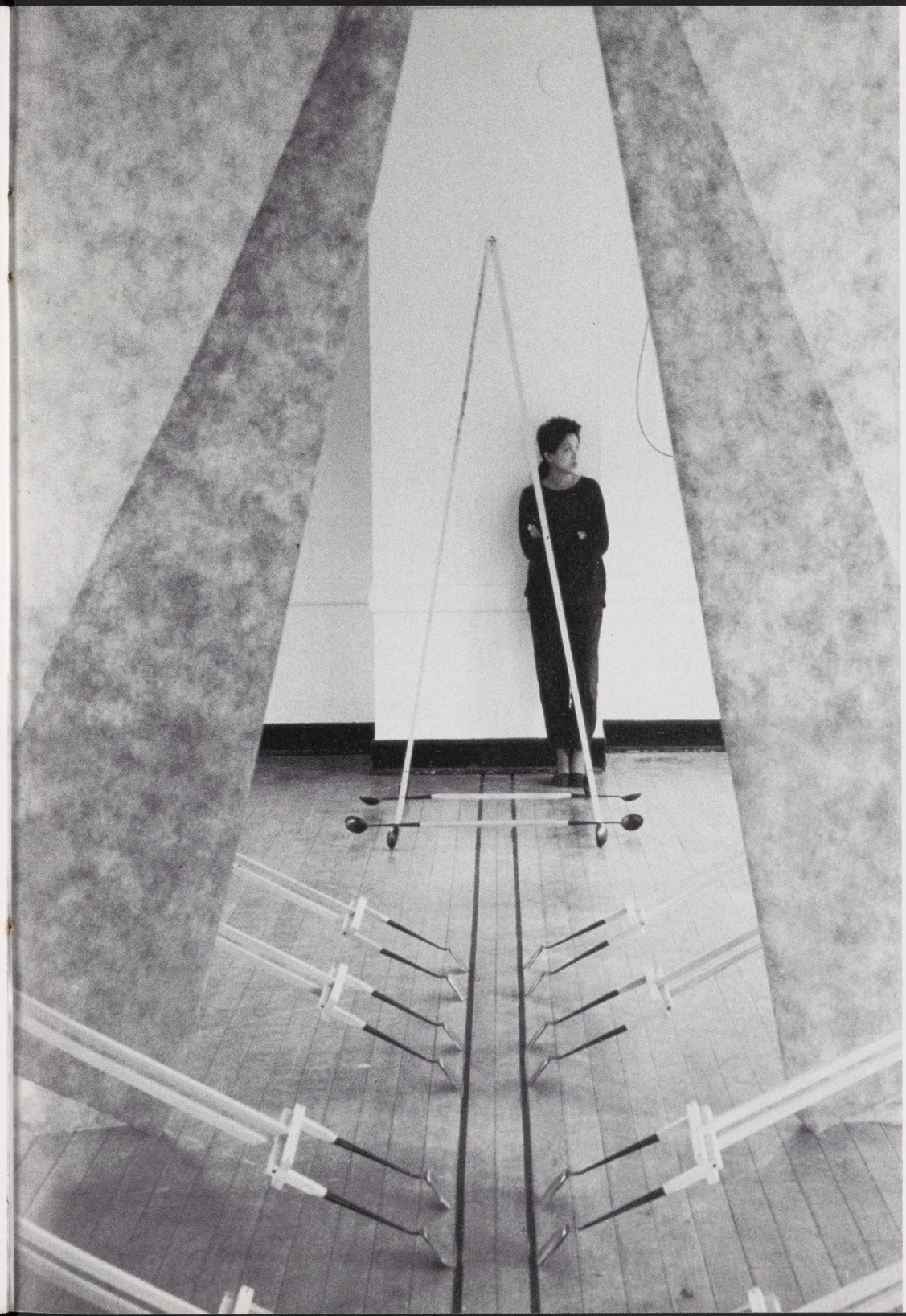
Equinox '90 was a dawn to dusk celebration of the first day of spring of the 1990's. Responses were invited to questions about what the next decade will bring. What beliefs, prophecies, stories or legends do we have for this decade? Messages were received from people around the world via FAX, mail, phone, videotape, and performance. Artists Louise Anderson, Brian Tripp, Nao Bustamante, Darcy Ellman, Tom Centolella and Kathy Evans participated in Susan Dallas-Swann's event and performance.

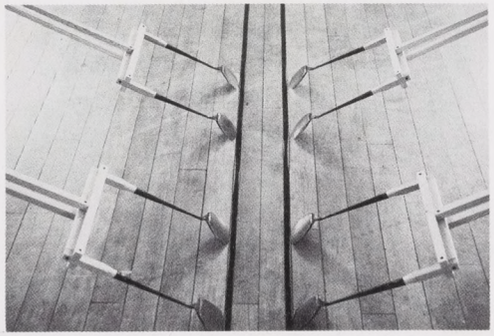
Susan Dallas-Swann, artist in residence, Ohio



Conestoga, caravan, circus, carnival, coast-to-coast West to East coalition concerning censorship, an issue to "C", community culture centers circled, collapsible, canvas collaborative covered wagon, container carts, collective creative conscience and consciousness, the Constitutional commitment across the continent and to the Capitol reconfirms the cause and calls attention to the content of the citizen crisis.

Phil Simkin, artist in residence, Philadelphia





Barracks: 944

There's such a strong Asian presence in the Bay Area. There must be a huge pile of ancestral ghosts. I wanted what they had given us - warnings, advice, instruction. This space was so ethereal, especially with the fog coming in and out.

Mei-Ling Hom, artist in residence, Philadelphia

Ann Chamberlain: In your process of working at the Headlands as a time of research and reflection, you talk a lot about the walks you took.

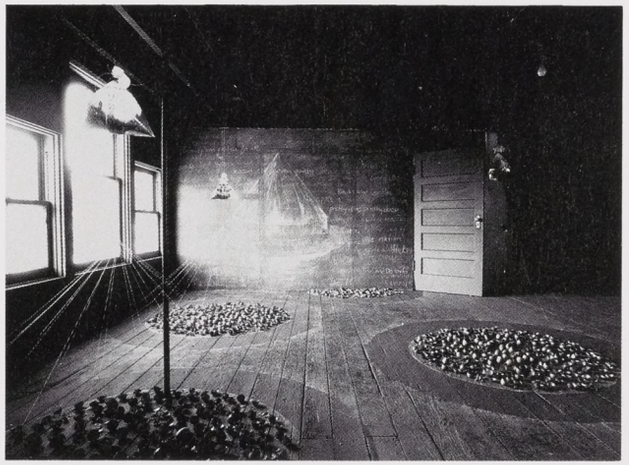
Pat Ferrero: I really wanted to slow down and stop thinking. The only way to do that was to actually do something physical and that started me walking. I was trying to put myself in a relation to the place that wasn't the usual kind of language based thought and was much more physical. I think of Charles Olson's ideas of proprioception: knowledge through the muscles, through kinesthetic sensation. Einstein said that ideas came to him through his muscles, kinesthetically. It was getting in a different balance with the body and the simplest thing to do was to walk. First I walked alone and then I started walking with friends and having dialogues. So it became a way of pacing myself through the seasons through time.

Walking at the Headlands sent me back to New Mexico, it made me realize that I was interested in locating myself in a place that had a kind of historical resonance for me. As much as I love the Headlands and developed a real sense of connection to the place, it lacked the level of personal history for me. That's when I decided to go back to New Mexico and develop the film on the Camino Real.

Pat Ferrero, artist in residence, San Francisco

You learn about responsibility in a community by having a task: there needs to be a way for artists to share their talents, to actively participate in the community. There is a need to include older people in the community here. I shared cooking and a knowledge of things that came before.

Louise Anderson, artist in residence, North Carolina



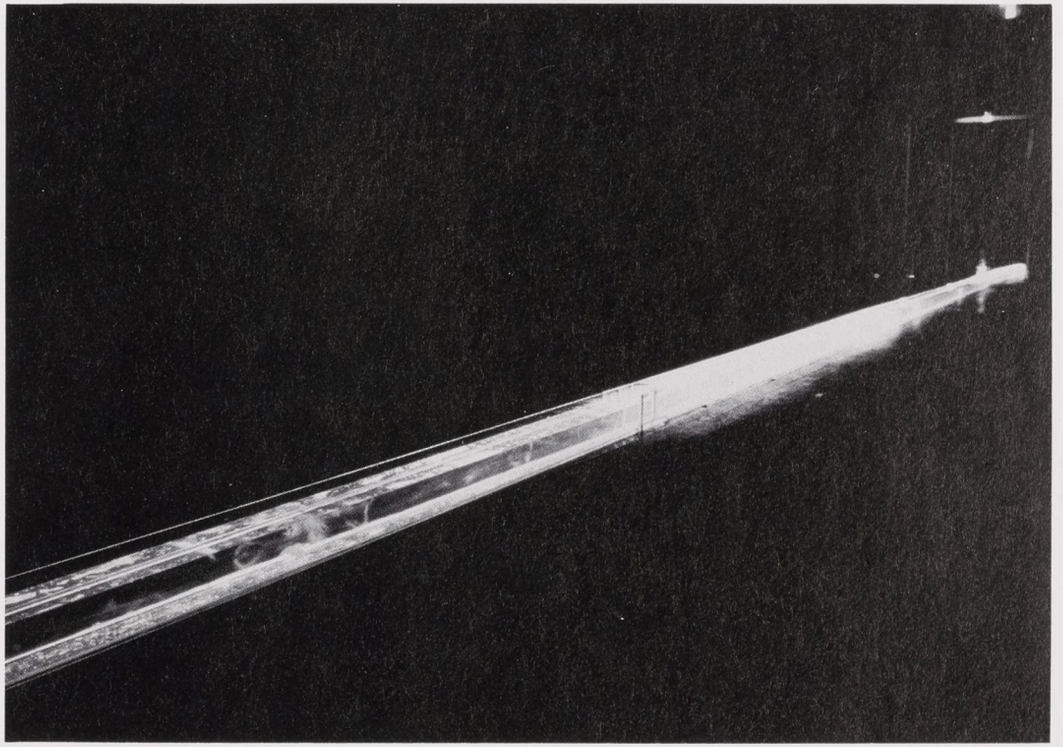
Protective Cover

I kept looking at the little spider webs in the morning grass. They have moisture on them, but later, as the moisture evaporates, they disappear. I liked the idea of something hidden that would appear and disappear. I thought a lot about notions of protection (social, physical, verbal) we use and more specifically that the military used: the tents they erected in the land.

Page Laughlin, artist in residence, North Carolina

Alive in Hollywood, confused and full of rage.

Culture Clash performed *Bowl of Beans* at the Headlands in October 1990



Light River in Black Sea

Installation with water plexiglass trough, 300 live goldfish, light. Installed in a light-tight room, focused light shone in the water creating an aquarium-like effect. Mirrors on both ends of the rooms extended the piece to infinity.

I went to the Headlands a lot at night. My ears got very sensitive being in the quietness; the sounds of night birds and insects. It was so rich: there's no way to describe what is in the quiet. I could almost feel it, it was so concrete. This quietness channeled something in me, it enriched me. I can't say it has appeared in my work yet directly, but it's an important influence.

Su-Chen Hung, artist in residence, San Francisco

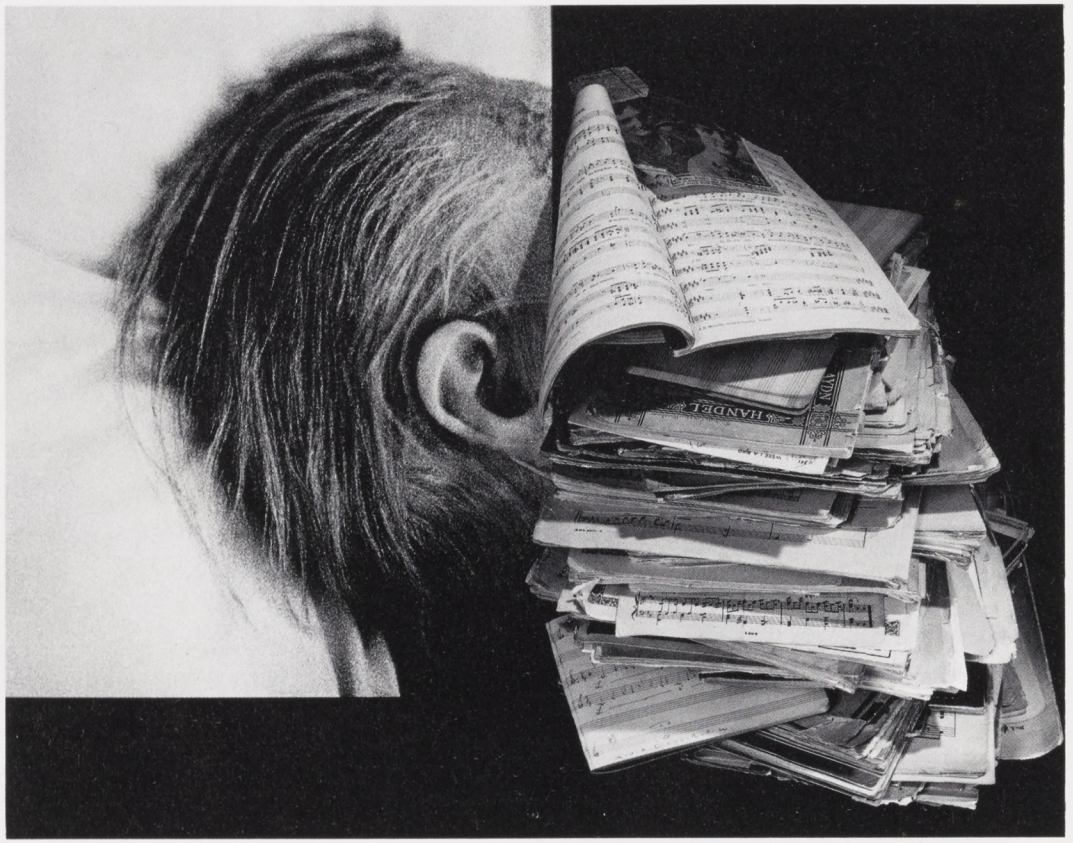
Just before her 91st birthday, my Great-Aunt Isabelle lay dying in a hospital in Chicago. I went to see her once again, but I also had to go through her things and close her apartment. Each day I spent an hour at the hospital. As I sat next to her bed, I watched the morphine drip, listened to her breathe, and stared out the window vaguely wondering about her life. For most of it, she had worked setting up filing systems for corporate offices, but she had had an earlier career as a concert singer. Isabelle and her sister Roberta had kept a busy touring schedule singing soprano duets until 1930, when Roberta jumped to her death from an office building in Chicago.

My mother, Roberta's daughter, had always angrily averted any conversation about her mother, or about her childhood as the daughter and niece of two important singers. So I had imagined a great mystery, a mystery sustained by the impossibility of having an informative discussion with my Great-Aunt Isabelle, who talked a great deal, but not always about anything I wanted to know. When the interesting subjects came up, they were always described in strange, almost Victorian-like euphemisms, and so I was never quite sure what I had just learned. I rested all my hopes on one conversation a few years before, when Isabelle told me she had saved a suitcase full of clippings about her sister's death. "And when I die," she said to me, "I want you to have the suitcase."

Each day when I left the hospital, I went back to Isabelle's apartment, slowly and methodically going through everything. Isabelle lived on the 17th floor of a great condominium complex. I must have gone to the garbage chute 100 times, throwing down bags full of black lacey underwear, hats, gloves, broken appliances and dishes, strange jewelry, Christmas decorations, knick-knacks, and at least twenty-five years of cancelled checks. In a footlocker in the basement of her high-rise, I even found two military trunks containing documents and photographs - the life history, really, of her late husband. But I never found the suitcase. I mean, I found a suitcase, but it only had photographs, a few reviews, my grandmother's death announcement and, most interestingly, several envelopes of old music scores.

The day before Isabelle died it was Halloween, and all the nurses were dressed up as witches and ghosts. The blinds were drawn in her room, so this darkened space was a refuge from the bewildering hospital hallways. As I watched her, I thought how beautiful and peaceful her head looked, pushing itself into the pillow. I got out my camera and took one photo, she stirred a bit after the shutter clunked. I stroked her head and apologized, and then took a few more. I sat by her wondering if I'd found the suitcase, wondering if it was a relief to her to be finally dying, and wondering if she had really told me a lot more than I had been capable of hearing. After a while I stood up, stared at her, kissed her, and went back to the apartment.

Susan Schwartzenberg, affiliate artist.



What is remarkable to me about an eight-year project is the amount of change that it allows. The whole project has shifted from a sociology about family and male success and male confusion, to much more of an elegy about a life that is passing, and a relationship with two people who are allowing me to represent them.

This is something that my father said to me:

"I tell you this, when you photograph me I feel everything leave me, the blood drains from my face, my eyelids droop, my thoughts disappear. All you have to do is give that one cue, do not smile and zap. What you call introspection looks to me lost, empty, half-dead. What you do is like filming actors when they are standing around between scenes. But listen, it is your work. What difference does it make to me? I am really happy to help you with your project, but if you want to know my honest feelings, for the most part that is not me I recognize in those pictures."

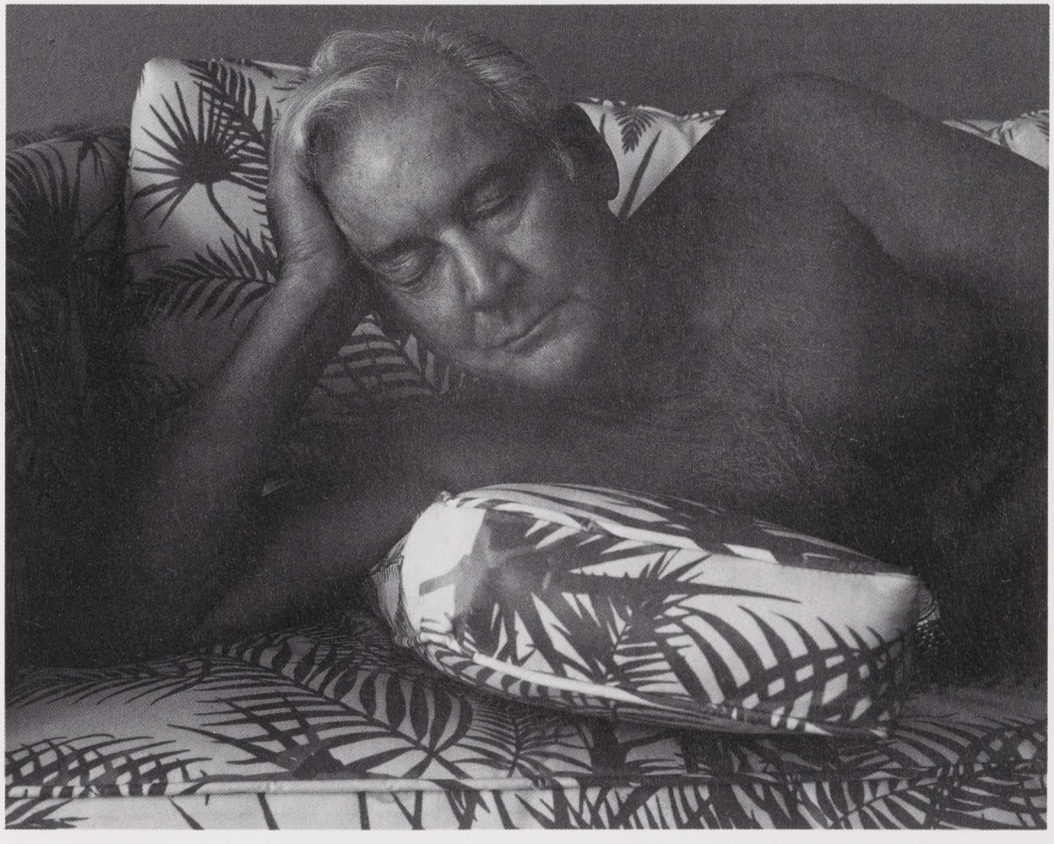
More than any other work I have ever done, this has raised those issues for me about representation: I pay lip service to this issue as an artist but this one strikes me right at a point where I can not intellectualize it, because I am representing people I love. It is very important to maintain the accuracy of their voice as distinct from the way I represent them. My work is a dialogue between who I think they are to me, and who they think they are and who they think I am, and who I think I am because of them.

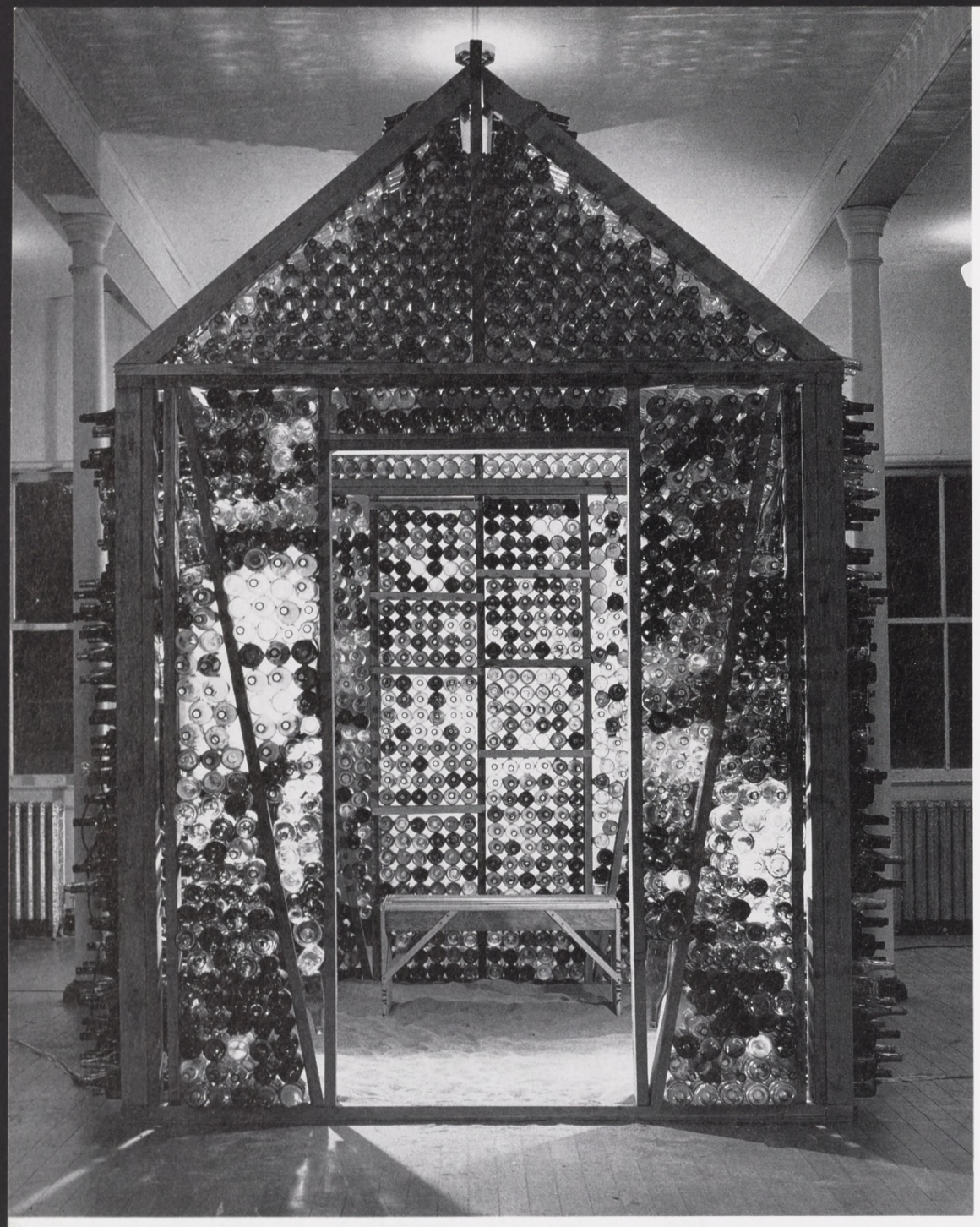
"I saw him tonight. I photographed him while he was reading in bed. I leaned over him, his face, with white traces of moisturizing cream. He was open and unprotected looking right into me. For a moment there was no camera in front of my face. I felt the electrical charge that comes from contact shooting through me, and I briefly turned away. I can remember a time when his beard rubbed against my face.

Standing over him I was reminded of something else. Behind all the peering and the pictures, the roles of film and the anxiety of my project is the wish to take photography literally, to stop time. I want my parents to live forever."

Larry Sultan, affiliate artist. Excerpts from a conversation between Larry Sultan and Susan Schwartzenberg on June 13, 1990 entitled, "Collecting and Recollecting: Family Archives as Source Material."

Larry and Susan were affiliate artists at the Center in 1990. Larry teaches at the California College of Arts & Crafts and Susan works at the Exploratorium.





Mildred Howard

I work a lot from dreams. I think intuition is something that you can work on and develop, and that it is something that becomes part of you. I dream all the time, I very rarely do a sketch. It is really in my head where I can see it.

I have been thinking about bottles a lot, because of their relationship to American culture. In parts of the South they hang bottles around the house and in the trees. So I came up with the idea of doing a bottle house. I came up with the idea when I picked up a story by James Weldon Johnson.

"I can see in this half vision a little house. I am quite sure it was not a large one. I can remember that in the front yard around each bed of flowers was a hedge of very colored glass bottles stuck in the ground neck down. I remember that once, while playing around in the sand, I became curious to know whether or not the bottles grew as the flowers did, and I proceeded to dig them up to find out. The investigation brought me a terrific spanking which indelibly fixed the incident in my mind."

Being an artist of color, it is very difficult to get into the whole thing of doing installations. It is just like going into a museum, what do you see? You sure do not see us. Eventually you might see Raymond Saunders or Betty Saar, but very rarely you see artists of color. I think that it is really necessary that we as the citizens of the United States of America, open our eyes to all the people who are here. Until we have a better understanding of who we are and who represents this country and who helped to make this country, we won't have a good place to live in. It is really wonderful to understand and be open to other cultures.

Mildred Howard. From a conversation with Faith Mitchell at the Headlands, May 1990

***Memory Garden* was commissioned by Headlands and installed from November 1990-February 1991. Later exhibited at the Transamerica Building in San Francisco, it is now part of the Di Rosa collection in Napa.**

Tim Collins and students looking at lagoon water

Headlands Education Programs

As a further way of engaging artists as interpreters of the natural world, Headlands initiated a number of programs for children. For three years, children came to the Headlands Summer Camp and together with a team of artists, explored, worked, and played, creating theatrical pieces, puppets, music and poetry out of what the environment offered them. In the final performance of Summer Camp 1990, the children, led by Gabrielle Crivelli, Chico MacMurtrie, Jim Paul, and Marcia Miget performed a play with life size puppets in a fort they constructed on Rodeo Beach.

Working collaboratively with the Bay Area Discovery Museum and the Headlands Institute, Headlands Center for the Arts sponsors a series of overnights and daytrips for inner city children each July. The theme of the program in 1990 was water. Tim Collins, working with John Carlstrom of the Headlands Institute, developed a curriculum which explored properties of water. They examined creatures living in the lagoon, dowsed for water, listened to myths and visited the Marine Mammal Center to better understand the nature of water and its significance to all living creatures.

photo credits

Front cover: Point Bonita looking west.
Eadweard Muybridge, (stereo view).

Back cover: Point Bonita Lighthouse looking south.
Eadweard Muybridge, (stereo view).

Title page: Gerbode Valley. Courtesy Amy Meyer archives.

4 Rodeo Beach. Mark Klett.

5 Fort Barry 1913. C. K. Nock, courtesy Maritime Museum.

6 Fort Barry 1991. Ann Chamberlain.

7 Map of Fort Barry and Fort Baker Military Reservation 1908. From *History of the Golden Gate and Its Headlands* by Lawrence Kinnaird, Headlands archives.
Map accompanying the annual report for Lime Point CA, 1868. From *History of the Golden Gate and Its Headlands* by Lawrence Kinnaird, Headlands archives.

8 Amy Meyer, Congressman Mailliard, on Wolfback Ridge. S. Haywood, courtesy Amy Meyer archives.

9 View of the Marin Hills from the Golden Gate. Ansel Adams, courtesy Katharine Frankforter archives.
Thomas Frouge and Michael Marville. Courtesy Katherine Frankforter archives.

11 New Games on the Old Rifle Range, mid-seventies. Andrew Fluegelman, Headlands archives.

13 View of the Marin Headlands and the Golden Gate. Headlands archives.

14 Untitled by Gyongy Laky, 1984. Courtesy Gyongy Laky.

15 Site specific work, William T. Wiley, 1984. Headlands archives.

16 Parade Grounds from 934B. Mei-Ling Hom.

17 Ann Hamilton and Wes Jackson. Ann Chamberlain.

19 Irrigation in the Sand Hills, Nebraska. Terry Evans, Water in the West Project.

20 *San Francisco Chronicle*, May 27, 1906. Courtesy Gray Brechin.

21 View of Mount Tamalpais looking west over Corte Madera, ca. 1921. Courtesy Gerrie Reichard CMHH.

View of Mount Tamalpais looking west over Corte Madera, ca.1950. Courtesy Gerrie Reichard CMHH.

23 Wave Organ by Peter Richards, 1986. Susan Schwartzenberg.

24 Sky and Water, Fort Point by Peter Richards, 1978. Courtesy Peter Richards.
Fog in the Marin Headlands. Mark Klett.

25 Papago Rain House, Big Fields, Arizona, 1983. Helga Teiwes, courtesy *Native American Architecture.*

26 Kickapoo Cattail Mat Lodge, Shawnee, Oklahoma, 1976. Robert Easton, courtesy *Native American Architecture.*
Pomo fishing shelter, California, ca. 1924. E. J. Curtis, courtesy *Native American Architecture.*

27 Pomo Tule House, Clear Lake, California. C. H. Merriam, courtesy *Native American Architecture.*

28 Rodeo Beach, Marin Headlands. Mark Klett.

29 Owens Valley water leaving Owens Valley and entering L. A., 1989. Robert Dawson, Water in the West Project.
Owens Valley water leaving Owens Valley and entering L. A., 1989. Robert Dawson, Water in the West Project.

30 Furnace Creek Inn, Death Valley National Monument, 1987. Robert Dawson, Water in the West Project.

31 Tunnel, Feather River, 1987. Robert Dawson, Water in the West Project.

32 Rear post of the Skidegate Raven House. Courtesy *Native American Architecture.*

33 Reg Davidson and Glen Rabina with Raven Canoe. Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie.
Raven Canoe. Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie.

34 Steaming Raven Canoe. Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie.
Reg Davidson working on Raven Canoe. Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie.

35 Raven Canoe in San Francisco Bay. Liza Malm.
Vanishing Ship (Greenhouse for Lake Lahontan), 1987 by John Roloff. Courtesy John Roloff.

36 Jim Hart carving Rock Pole. Liza Malm.
Raising Rock Pole. Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie.

37 Rock Pole. Susan Schwartzenberg.

38 Desk. Ann Chamberlain.

39 Lewis Hyde. Marion Gray.

41 Installation, Brian Tripp. John Wilson White.
Wall Piece, Brian Tripp. Ann Chamberlain.
Brian Tripp in his studio. John Wilson White.

42 Tom Centolella and Kathy Evans. John Wilson White.
Bowl by L. Frank Manriquez. Courtesy L. Frank Manriquez.

43 Language of Paradise by Lewis de Soto. Courtesy Lewis de Soto.

44 Untitled by Susan Fenton. Courtesy Susan Fenton.
Personal Observatory by Madelon Hooykaas and Elsa Stansfield. John Wilson White.

45 Amy Sparks. John Wilson White.
Sarah Hopkins in concert. Susan Schwartzenberg.

46 Equinox by Susan Dallas-Swann. Courtesy Susan Dallas-Swann.
Equinox by Susan Dallas-Swann. Courtesy Susan Dallas-Swann.
Conestoga Covered Wagon. Courtesy Phil Simkin.

47 Barracks 944 by Mei-Ling Hom. Courtesy Mei-Ling Hom.
Detail, Barracks 944 by Mei-Ling Hom. Courtesy Mei-Ling Hom.

48 Louise Anderson. Ann Chamberlain.

49 Protective Cover by Page Laughlin. John Wilson White.
Light River in Black Sea by Su-Chen Hung. Courtesy Su-Chen Hung.
Culture Clash. Courtesy Culture Clash.

50 Untitled. Susan Schwartzenberg.

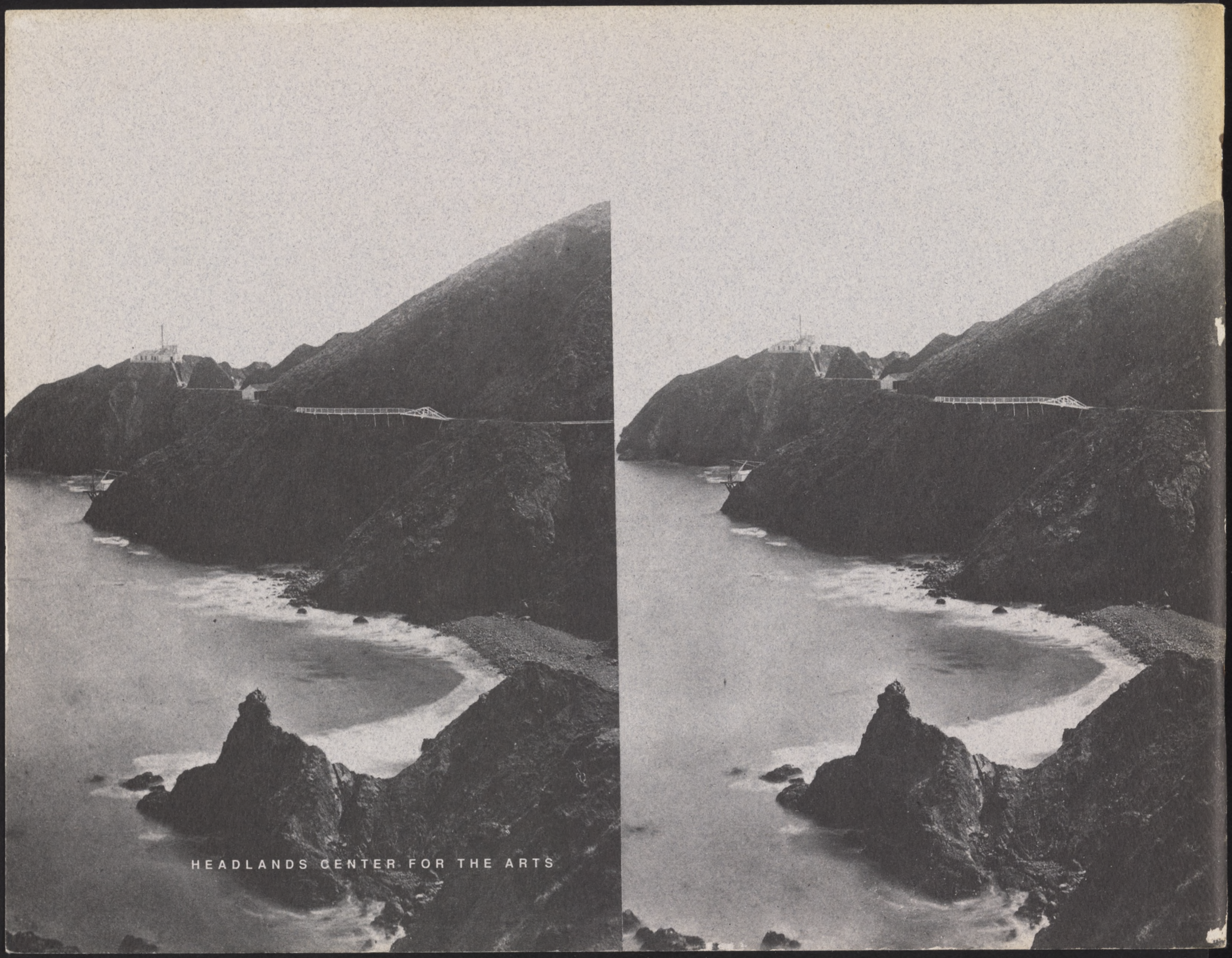
51 Untitled. Larry Sultan.

52 Memory Garden by Mildred Howard. Susan Schwartzenberg.

53 Tim Collins and students in BADM, HCA, and HI collaborative summer program,1990. Ann Chamberlain.
Summer Camp kite flying. Ann Chamberlain.

Donors

Kathy Acomb · Carol Adney · Alhambra Water · Laraine Allen · Sally Allen · Kathe Alters · Paule Anglim · Geoffrey W. Applegarth · Robert Arneson & Sandy Shannanhouse · Arts Recovery Fund · Eva Auchincloss · Herb Auerbach · Lynne Baer & Jay Pidto · Gerson Bakar · Bumps Baldauf · Bank of California · Bill Barich · Harold Baron · Mr. & Mrs. Bill Barrett · Tim Baskerville · Eleanor Beaton · Jack Beckerman · Melanie Beene · Pat & Ross Bender · Art Berliner · Carla & Jerry Berman · Gian-Paolo Biasin · Mr. & Mrs. Donald Black · Judith Blankman · Pamela Bonino · Jamie and Philip Bowles · Margy & Nick Boyd · Mr. & Mrs. John Bradley · Billy Bragman · John Bransten · Rena Bransten · Leslie Braverman · Peter Richards Brown · Fritzie Brown · Janine Brown · Joan Browning · Maggiore-Brownstein Family · Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Bruce · Jeanne & Kergan Bruck · Jack Brumback & Suzanne Siminger Bear · McKay & Peter Buchanan · Raymond M. Buddie · California Arts Council · California Conservation Corps · California Tamarack Foundation · Calistoga Mineral Water · Mrs. Lewis S. Callaghan · Elsa Cameron · Laurie Cannon · Capital Solutions · Rand Castile · Dr. & Mrs. Webb Chamberlain · Steve Christiano · Susan Ciriclio · Karen & Mark Cleary · Austin Conkey & Mike Smith · Linda Connor · Karen Cornel · I Steve & Kate Costa · Dorothy Cousins · Mr. & Mrs. John Cowles · Judy & Mel Croner · Crystal Geyser Water Company · Nancy & Chuck Curley · John & Stephanie Dains · Michael I. Danoff · Ann Daugherty · Tony David · Nancy Davis · Nancy and Buddy DeBruyn · Topher Delaney · Del Monte Corporation · Drew Detsch · Rene & Veronica di Rosa · Maria Teresa di Suvero · Mario Donati · Jennifer Dowley · Mr. & Mrs. Robert Dowley · Paul Dresher · David & Dorothy Dumas · Michael Dunev · Eric & Jenny Dupraw · Mr. & Mrs. James Duryea · June Dutton · E. Lekwart & Karen Emerson · Empire Sanitary Service · Linda Evans · Carol & John Field · Erica L. Fielder · Don & Doris Fisher · Bob & Randi Fisher · Mr. & Mrs. Lee Follett · Jill Fox · Frish Brandt & Jeffrey Fraenkel · Diane & Chuck Frankel · Jerry Friedman · John Friedman · N.J. Friedman · Friends of Ethnic Art · Diana Fuller · Jack & Diane Fulton · Mrs. John Galgiani · Terry Gamble · Boyer Gap Foundation · Ed & Wita Gardiner · Anna Gardner · Clark & Marie Gerhardt · Dr. Harvey Glasser · Dorothy Goldeen · Mr. & Mrs. Richard Goldman · Wally Goodman · Al Gordon · Bud and Linda Gore · Lanier Graham · Beret Griffith · Bill Grimm · Brian Gross · Arnold Grossman · Mr. & Mrs. Paul Growald · Mr. & Mrs. Jon Gruber · Mr. & Mrs. Peter Haas · Mr. & Mrs. Walter Haas Jr. · Mr. & Mrs Rusty Hale · Frank O. Hamilton · Doug & Marie Hamilton · Shea Hanson · Steve Harrison · Bob Hass · Ann Hatch · Gardiner Hempel · Robert & Susan Hersey · Mrs. Charles Henri Hine · Jane Hirshfield · Chuck & Sandy Hobson · Douglas Hollis · Elizabeth Colton Hongisto · Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Hooke · Audrey B. Hulburd · Leonard Hunter · Lewis Hyde · Il Fornaio Cucina Italiana · Gabriella & Glenn Issacson · James Irvine Foundation · Regina Jepsen · Mady Jones · Britta Kathmeyer · Mary Keesling · K. Yamamoto & Nancy Kelly · Michael Kenna · Christian Kiillkkaa · Kimco Hotel Management · Mary King · Lynn Kirshbaum · Patricia & Robin Klaus · Kathy Knudson · Kimiko Kogure · Frank & Patti Kolodny Chris Komater · Mr. & Mrs. Richard Kramlich · Evelyn Lam · Jack and Jane Lane · Howard Larsen · Leavens Foundation · Margo Leavin · Judy and Robert Leet · LEF Foundation · Mark Leno · Marianna Leuschel · Marlene and Fred Levinson · Tom Meyer & Connie Lewallen · Marc Leiberman · Sally Lillienthal · Richard Links · John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation · Anne Marie MacDonald · Donald & Elaine Magnin · Peter G. Marcus · Marin Arts Council · Marin Community Foundation · Marin Litho · Mr. & Mrs. David Martin · Lisille & Henry Matheson · Lydia Matthews · Mr. & Mrs. Thomas May · Cecile McCann · Dr. & Mrs. Edward A. McCrum · Stuart McGowan · Patrick McGrew · Kathleen McKenna · Elaine McKeon · Carol McLaughlin · McLean Foundation · Jim & Mary Ann Melchert · Mr. & Mrs. Charles Merrill · Elaine Merrill · Mr. & Mrs. Peter Michael · Mr. & Mrs. Dare Michos · Herb Arnold & Mimi Mindel · Larry & Debbie Mindel · Robert Mondavi Winery · Greg Moore · Judy Moran · Mr. & Mrs. Robert Morey Jr. · Jean Wildberg Morgenstein · David Morgenstern · Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nadel · Ruth & Ted Nash · National Endowment for the Arts · Judy Neilson · W.G. Nelle · Sally Nelson · Nancy Ann Nelson · Jacqueline & Howard Nemerovski · Margaret Newell · Kim Nipomnick · North Carolina Arts Council · Ohio Arts Council · Steven & Nancy Oliver · Oliver & Company · Osher Foundation · Phil Otto · John Q. Owsley Jr. · Pacific Bell · Peter Palmisano · Suzanne Parker · Tony Pellegrino · William Peters · Pew Charitable Trusts · PG&E · Andy & Kasumi Pollack · Paolo Polledri · Robert Ramsey & Jane Butler · Merv Regan · Mike Reichling · John Ricks · David Riordan · Beverly Robbins · Ralph & JoAnn Roberts · Mr. & Mrs. Charles Roberts · Robert & Rita Roberts · Joyce Robertson · Mary & David Robinson · John Roloff · Sally & Toby Rosenblatt · Beth Rosener · William M. Roth · Paul Saffo · San Francisco Federal Savings · San Francisco Foundation · Sausalito Chamber of Commerce · Sausalito Salvage Shop · Sausalito Women's Club · Jack & Betty Schafer · Mr. & Mrs. Albert Schreck · Charles & Helen Schwab · Don Seaver · Beatrice Seidler · Nancy & Steve Selvin · Rob Semper & Lynn Rankin · Babbie Share · John & Nancy Sharp · Mary Sheppard · Jan & Mitsuko Shrem · David Sibbet · Evelyn Silva · Stephen Singer · Michael R. Smith · Drew Spangler · Stephen & Elsa Spaulding · Barry Spitz · Elaine & Bob Squires · Mary Breuer & Paul Stames · Mr. & Mrs. David Stein · Michael & Tania Stepanian · Ann Stephens · Mrs. Peter Stocker · Diane Streeter · Doodha David & Lucy Suckle · Mr. & Mrs. Jack Sullivan · Ronald & Marti Sullivan · Mr. & Mrs. Robert Swanson · Jennifer Swett · Richard & Roselyne Swig · Mr. & Mrs. Rick Swig · Tom Swope · Beau Takahara · Marcia Tanner & Karl Sonkin · Cynthia Taves · Mr. & Mrs. John Taylor · Chris & Mimi Tellis · Mary & Carter Thacher · Andy & Trisha Thornley · Heather Tissue · Peter Tolger · Evelyn & Gary Topper · Michael Traynor · Helen Troxel · Paul & Paula Tuttle · Mr. & Mrs. Thurston Twigg-Smith · Mr.& Mrs. Basil Twist Jr. · Muriel, Jacques & Laurel Ullman · Shelby & Peter Van Meter · Marsha Vdovin · Molly Viebrock · Joseph Vincent · Ethan & Sherry Wagner · Peter Walker & Martha Schwartz · Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Walrod · Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts · Susan & Richard Watkins · Mrs. Paul L. Wattis · Jeanie Weiffenbach · Marcia Weisman · Jeffry Weisman · William & Dorothy Wiley · Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Willis · Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Wilsey · Mr. & Mrs. William Wilson III · Connie & Stephen Wirtz · Beatrice V. Wolf · John Wong · W. Scott Woods · Pamela Worden · Nancy Wright · Babette Wurtz · Zellerbach Family Fund · Harold & Mary Zlot


HEADLANDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS